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[A DESOLATE BRIDEGROOM.]

## LADY VIOLET'S VICTIMS.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SUNDERED.

For now we sever each from each  
I learn what I have lost in thee;  
Alas! that nothing else could teach  
How great indeed my love should be.

The next morning Lionel passed through the plantation adjoining his cottage to the orchard gate where he expected to meet Lady Constance.

They had agreed to be there at an appointed time, but no signs of her appeared. The morning was clear and bright, but sunless, and Lionel, leaning against a broken dial in the wall's recess, wondered what could detain his bride. He had passed a miserable night of depression and anxiety. Aphra's fears had aroused his own, and waiting here in the early morning light, with chill clouds above him, and all summer's radiant beauty gone, he began to doubt the wisdom of allowing Lady Constance to return home, and wished his own pride had been less sensitive, as then she would have been safe away with him.

So great was his depression, he made up his mind that could he but once more behold her, they would fly together at all hazards. His experience of life in foreign cities would be of great advantage in enabling him to gain a livelihood; his knowledge of landscape gardening alone was indeed sufficient.

Lionel bared his head to the autumn breeze, and waited patiently, his heart palpitating with

unreasonable rapidity; he longed for the sound of that soft, light step among the yellow leaves—for the luxury of a smile; only let him once regain her, and never more should she leave him.

Naturally graceful and well-bred, he looked a noble representative of a splendid race; the strong vitality of youth shone in his rich deep colours, and his limbs were perfect in strength and symmetry. Yes, he would have given a good deal to have seen his bride's fair face at that moment through the old ivy-mantled orchard gate.

Someone else was watching. Sophia Meredith had not accompanied Lady Constance to Dr. Moseley's establishment, as the earl deemed it more prudent to have only the doctor's trained attendants in charge of his daughter. Lionel's self-tormenting doubts were now increased by the view of those black glittering eyes, and he privately concluded she was the bearer to him of some message or note accounting for his bride's delay. Or could he be deceived and have lost Lady Constance for ever?

"You are up betimes, Lionel," she said, resting her hand on his arm.

A terrible fear rushed through him. He shook her off almost brutally. She seemed in possession of some information. He was desperately anxious to know, yet dare not question her.

"Let me come with you to your cottage, Lionel, I have something to say to you."

"For mercy's sake, Sophia, don't tell me any harm has happened to her. I can bear anything but that."

His former experience of her restless shifti-

ness of manner made him view her cautiously. He knew at least her motives for treachery.

"Why did you deceive me, Lionel Hargrave?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"I see you know all, and you have undone us both," he answered, standing before his cottage and looking hopelessly around.

"I know all. I warned you to beware of me and my power. I strike swiftly, you know of old, like the fabled snake. You defied me. Your rejection has been punished. Your wife, Lady Constance—"

"What of her?"

"Has already left the Hall."

"And I have you to thank for this," he cried, his face white and working with suppressed fury. "You sent for Raoul. You set him on as a spy. You have dared to wrench the treasure dearest to me than all besides from my heart. You come here and own it to me. Not satisfied with the death of one victim, you have destroyed the other. Think when the debt I owe you can be paid." And he clenched his hands.

"How do you know she is destroyed?"

He seized Meredith's hands and held them fast.

"Because in your wicked smile I can read we are for ever parted, and in your suppressed triumph I believe there is convincing proof of her destruction and my own; in your restless eagerness to show me your revenge I can read all is lost as far as we are concerned. At least, tell me, for pity's sake, where they have taken her—my dearest—my wife of one short day!"

Meredith laughed, not loudly, but in derision.

"Not so, beau sire. We do not plot and



scheme to have our work undone by ourselves. I decline to tell you."

"Follow me then in here," he said, sternly. She obeyed, believing he was about to question her. He closed the door, standing with his back to it. "You are now alone with me, and in my power. I should be doing mankind a service were I to take you dagger and let it drink your blood, but I will torture you into revealing the whole truth to me, or I will send for your mistress, Lady Violet, and the earl, and expose your whole character to them."

"I expected as much," said Meredith, panting hard. "I counted on that master-stroke of policy, it is worthy of a Sardon. I defy your tortures; tell my mistress what I am if you choose, you are no nearer gaining access to Lady Constance."

Again he paused. He pictured the terrors of the sweet girl torn from him just as they were united. He remembered her extreme nervousness—her exquisite sensibility.

"My flower will die," he thought, "in her self-absorbed misery!"

Then he again addressed Meredith.

"Did I not tell you I would kill you if you harmed one hair of her head?"

"I am prepared," said Meredith, passionately. "See, I discharge my weapon," and she fired instantly through the window. She was in reality frightened of his violence, and knew the pistol-shot must attract attention to the cottage. He grasped her wrists and dragged her towards him. He knew she was a dangerous woman capable of inflicting dangerous injuries on herself and him.

This surely had been a love acting like poison on a passionate soul, not a heavenly nutriment, feeding lofty and poetic dreams.

"Are you human?" he cried. "Can you have gloried in this evil deed? Tell me to what vile place they have dragged my wife, or I will see you banished from this place, and taken to prison. Yes, Sophia Meredith, the law shall be set at work to hunt you down at last."

"I am ready," she said. "I have triumphed—I am revenged. Never more, Lionel, will her head fall on your shoulder in restful slumber, or love-words pass between you, or your eyes meet and flash in responsive tenderness. I have struck the blow, and she has gone."

"You little know me if you think I shall not discover where my love has gone. Every minute of my existence shall be devoted to regain her, and as for you, how do you expect I shall act towards you short of murder."

"You will not kill me, Lionel? I almost prayed you would. I am weary of my life. This strange insanity, my worship of you, clung to me like a wound that slowly touched my mind."

"Murder is your work, not mine. I leave you to the longer agonies of self-torment—the pang of knowing you are baffled. My hatred for you is mingled with a loathing for which there is no expression. You will begin to suffer now in earnest."

"Ever since that day when Karl spoke against me, and you hardened towards me, my love for you has felt like some wounded thing lying helpless in my breast; this is its death blow, and in a slowly dying passion do you wonder I seek to bury all beneath the ruins?"

He leaned his head on his hands, and another gliding cautiously towards the cottage glanced through the window. It was Aphra, who seeing him with Meredith, withdrew. His breast heaved, a cloud of thought was on his brow.

"My wife! my Constance! torn from my arms just as the ecstasy of our happiness had dawned; from this hour I devote myself to you. I abandon the resolve of tracing out the mystery of my birth. No stone shall be returned to regain you, for you are mine—mine in the heart-beats that have bound us as one for ever!"

Meredith's head sunk on her breast. Women, always impulsive, are seldom governed by the reason that guides men. A man may amuse himself with someone else, and yet be faithful at heart to the chosen idol of his soul, but a woman of Meredith's temperament rarely seeks distraction in any transitory glance.

"How he loves her," she muttered; "she will grow dearer to him with every passing hour. He will cling to the abstraction of an overwhelming love, and every fond fancy will be given to her."

The pistol shot fired by Meredith through the cottage window had attracted the attention of the under gardener.

"There be a murder going on in Master Hargrave's cottage," he said to a small boy, who was weeding. "I've seen the petticoats a flying towards his home pretty often lately. Lady Constance was regular sweet on him, we know. Well, I must say Master Hargrave seems a born gentleman, that he do."

"A deal better than the coves as visit at the Hall—leastways, to look at. You know our grand lady's-maid, Meredith, she what wears a shiney silk allays? Well, she's been putting on the detective, I know. I seed him a watching down by the cabbage yesterday. Bust him," answered the small boy, whose pockets being full of apples and pears, naturally objected to the police.

"I say, Murphy, what could that shot have meant?"

"We shall be handy if we're wanted," said the gardener, regarding his rhubarb with interest; "but if there's a crowner's quest, 'twill make a fine stir in the neighbourhood."

Lady Violet, who was sauntering down the long garden path, had also heard the shot and trembled. The affair was fast assuming the dimensions of a tragedy, and fine ladies object to dangerous extremes.

"I wonder if he will accept my father's bribe," she muttered, thoughtfully.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### LIONEL'S VOW.

One constant image still shall show  
My tide of life is true to thee.

THE earl had just returned from Dr. Moseley's establishment, and was anxious to buy off Lionel at all hazards; and now passing through the shrubberies, joined his elder daughter, who appeared in deep thought.

She was wondering if Sir Hugh Allerton, the best favoured suitor at the Hall, would ever hear of her sister's marriage with Lionel Hargrave. Little, indeed, did she guess they were brothers, and Lionel the real heir to the valuable acres surrounding Allerton Castle.

"Did you hear that pistol-shot just fired?" she asked.

The earl stared.

"No, my dear, I did not; I have only just driven home. We had a nasty scene with Constance at the station; she was only half drugged, and entreated the railway guard to restore her to her husband. After I had offered him three sovereigns, and explained she was weak witted, and I hoped to avoid a scene with her ere reaching Dr. Moseley's, the officious idiot touched his hat and interfered no more; but a blundering porter had the audacity to say the 'Daily Telegraph' ought to take it up. I never heard such insolence; half a sovereign settled him; but now she is safely landed."

"You have an ugly piece of business before you, papa—it is so different dealing with low-bred people; still, Hargrave will jump at the money."

The earl looked anxious. It might not be so easy a matter to get rid of his child's husband.

"And now," he said, "to deal with the rascal who has dared to wed my daughter."

The earl heard the hurried tones of angry voices as he tapped at the cottage door, and on entering, saw, to his surprise, Meredith, leaning, pale and exhausted, against an old-fashioned bureau which stood in a corner, and there must surely have been a fair sprinkle of materialism and coarseness in the mind of an earl who thought it easy to buy another at a not impossible price. He was anxious to get rid of Lionel, so that Lady Constance could be removed from the doctor's establishment. The whole affair

must read very badly in print, should any papers take it up. But could Lionel be bought?

When Lionel saw the earl and Lady Violet before him, he divined the errand that brought them hither. He too was pale, but it was the pallor of depression and anxiety, not of fear. The earl had injured him far more fatally than ever he had injured the earl, and now he must be especially guarded, for every word he uttered might be used against him, and he lose every clue to his wife.

The earl, fancying he was dealing with some ordinary vulgar mind, assumed a satisfactory swagger. This low landscape gardener fellow would be no doubt easily bought. Lady Violet curled her fine mouth with perfect disdain, as if Meredith's appearance here to-day disgusted her, and signed the warrant for her departure from the Hall; she was indeed no longer useful.

"You have married my daughter," said the earl, in tense, ironical tones, "and I have now come to know what price will satisfy you to release all claim of her, and go abroad out of our sight for ever. Money was of course your object, seeing your taste leant more, I should imagine, to some dull, well-meaning creature in your own class of life. Money you can have, so name your price."

This insult, galling enough, fell harmlessly over Lionel's head, and when he spoke his voice too was tinged with the same satiric coldness.

"You must judge me, my lord, by the experience you've had of men in your sphere of life. Money has no hold over me. I value the luxuries and comforts it brings, because it is what my wife has been accustomed to; for her sake only I value money; you've stolen her from me."

"Stolen! this insolence is insupportable. I do not consider her responsible for her actions. You have worked on her weak mind and degraded fancy, to carry out your base resolve, but she is under age and you have lost her."

"I will move heaven and earth to regain her."

"Very likely; heaven and earth have a peculiar knack of failing us very often, especially when we cannot control events by money, so consider how desirable it will be for you to take a sum of money and get figs instead of thistles."

"My wife is rich," said Lionel, hastily. "My lord, I despise your offer as much as I despise yourself. You have robbed me of my wife; it will be my object to recover her. You will find your villany shall be exposed to the light of day. This is not an age for deeds of darkness and of violence."

"You dare to brave our anger, a landscape gardener," said Lady Violet, scornfully.

"You are my enemies," he said, standing dauntless before them, and looking at Lady Violet he noticed how strangely she was like her sister. He could almost fancy it was Lady Constance, only with new hauteur on her brow. "and I know you will hesitate at little to destroy inch by inch the gentle girl who has, you believe, disgraced your proud name. There is one thing more to be said ere I leave you to seek my wife—you are in the presence of a murderer."

Meredith started and cowered aside.

"Look at her well, my lord; this is the infamous woman whose riotous life has been spoken of with horror and disgust; she it was who sent the noble patriot, Cevanowski, to his death; she robbed the Count D'Artois on his death-bed. I will expose her to you and the Count's family, who have suspected her infamy. A prison awaits you at last. If with one hand you beckoned Raoul and sent the innocent to their doom, the other was more than half hand-cuffed."

"Our servants appear singularly objectionable," said the earl, with a shiver.

Meredith spoke in a whisper:

"I have acted from revenge, because I loved him. Do not deal too harshly with me, my lord, or I may go over to the enemy."



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CELEBRATED "MAD" DOCTOR.

All ye who enter here abandon hope.

DOCTOR MOSELEY'S establishment was chiefly remarkable for its solitude and isolation from other surrounding mansions. It was a splendid edifice, built in the Doric style of architecture, and situated in the neighbourhood of Bayswater.

Its external aspect bore the evidence of considerable wealth, as if no money had been spared to render it elegant and tasteful, but nevertheless it was a prison—dreary to its inmates as Newgate or Pentonville.

Statues graced the lawn and walks (thus imparting at times a sort of Cremorne Gardens' effect), but even this studied vulgarity was, the doctor gracefully explained, adopted with a motive—i.e., the noble and beneficent one of letting his inmates believe they were really transported to Olympian shores; saluting Clytie, nodding to Hermes, expostulating with Jupiter, and taking Saturn wholly into their confidence.

They were very mad indeed, some of these poor inmates, and some a great deal too sane. They pined to escape, spite of statues, gardens, concert hall, and a very well appointed table. Several gardeners were employed, and various grooms and coachmen might be seen smoking short clay pipes out of the harness-room windows, drinking the doctor's excellent "bittersix" ale as they called it, as if the doctor were altogether a good enough sort of fellow.

Several small children might also be seen like rabbits fitting in and out of the stables until some stern parent appeared, and clutched them by the pinafore as if the hind legs of Caesar or Sindbad had a nasty knack of what horse-dealers call "slaking out."

All this looked charming and pastoral enough to lookers on, just as a brave, ocean-bound steamer, breasting the waves, and carrying her living freight of perhaps pleasure-seekers, appears to those on land, who view her passing on her voyage, unaware that already Death's half-mast flag may be seen slowly approaching through the hazy distance.

So there were weeping faces at the doctor's windows, and broken hearts that throbbed all through the long days, and then even in sleep ached for the lost golden happiness of a past from which they were forever sundered.

If the doctor knew all this, it never altered one curl of the well oiled whiskers, or carved one wrinkle under the smiling eyes. He might have been a man of bronze, this celebrated "mad" doctor, so calm and imperturbable was his aspect. He, the captain of this wild, frantic crew, who alas! had no power to mutiny or revolt.

Doctor Moseley was a "self-made" man, which really means a good deal, and he enjoyed the singular privilege of knowing all he touched turned to gold. A lucky man was this doctor, which generally implies he was grossly unscrupulous. His father had originally graduated in the gutter, for he was an itinerant vendor of cat's-meat, varying his occupation by tramping into the country on holiday excursions, and amusing the country folk by cheerful ditties on a tenor-viol and bassoon, instruments to which he did more than justice; a charming rascal was the father, who, late in life, married in Liverpool a Brazilian negress, or rather creole, a person who interested a French chemist to so agreeable an extent, he adopted her son—Ebenezer—the present celebrated mad doctor.

Ebenezer was naturally sallow and leaden-eyed, with strong frizzy hair; indeed his skin was of that beautiful metallic hue we associate with a thundering sky; he profited by the French chemist's instructions; went to America, made medicine his chief study, and as fortune really favoured him, he espoused the only child of an Italian greengrocer, a gentleman a great deal out at the elbows, who having also understood chemistry, opened Ebenezer's quick eyes wider than ever.

The charming daughter inherited five thousand pounds from a Dutch pawnbroker, her

maternal uncle, and blessed with the imaginative and material nature of the people of the Southern lands, looked for no poetic genius or soaring fancies in her Ebenezer.

It was fortunate her intellect was dull, for he was a rather trying husband. The beautiful Tessa liked him chiefly because he could not speak her language with easy fluency, but danced to perfection, and dancing being her passion, the two executed some admirable waltzes together during a brief but satisfactory courtship.

Tessa's five thousand pounds were not wasted, for he now returned to England with a light-hearted wife, who pleased people by leaving a great deal to their imagination regarding her accomplishments and charms.

He set up as Doctor Ebenezer Moseley, advertised himself as the sole vendor of a marvellous decoction of pine apples, and opened a dispensary. Here he prospered, and then gaining fame far and wide, he went in thoroughly for what he graphically called "the lunacy business," trading in all that was vile, mercenary, and dishonest in human nature, preserving an elegant exterior, and devoutly wishing the excellent Tessa were only a little less slovenly and superstitious.

Clever people saw she was a woman who went in largely for facts, not ideas, and he wished to be really received into the best set and be presented at court, but a woman who hated the arts, especially music, and yet cooked macaroni in a hundred different ways to perfection, besides adoring ironing, and boasting of it too in her pretty broken English, with a torn skirt pinned round her waist, rather irritated Ebenezer.

This piece of furniture alas! sadly wanted renovating, and how could he sweep the cobwebs from a pleasant, brute-like creature's brain, who still loved dancing. She was a thick-necked woman, considerably underdressed. They seldom quarrelled, although Ebenezer looked down the list of divorce cases with considerable interest, but scandal must ruin him, and Tessa, irate and abandoned, might do him harm.

"We have an earl's daughter now among us," Ebenezer was saying, proudly, as he curled his whiskers at a costly mirror, while Tessa was wringing out some handkerchiefs at a washing-stand.

"Ah! capital. She pay so well."

Ebenezer started round furiously.

"What are you doing, Tessa? Washing again. Good heavens, when there are four wringing and mangling machines in my establishment."

"I love washing, it amuse me. Why not? I nevare dance now."

She thought of Italy then with a spasms. Here she was expected to play a queen's part. To order, correct, direct—anything—but cook and clean.

"Dance, indeed, and you a mother of four children. But do give up washing handkerchiefs. I want you to receive Lady Violet Harrington to-day at three o'clock. The sister came last night quite late; a bad case, very," said Ebenezer, washing his own hands in an airy manner.

"What must I wear?"

"Your maroon satin and high shoes, and be dignified, cool, majestic. Lady Violet is polished as ice."

"Santa Madonna? I hate English ladies; will they ask to see the bambino?"

"No, of course not; the baby indeed! this isn't a nursery, madame, but an establishment for lunatics."

"Lady Constance will never be well. Santissima Madonna! But why not? If I say three little prayers to St. Sebastian every night, and offer fourteen candles to the blessed Virgin."

"Will nothing cure you of talking nonsense, Tessa?" said the doctor, laughing. "This is a case of family spite and pride. She remains here for good."

"Oh, I see," said Tessa, who had often been put through the same lesson, "she love someone, no doubt."

"Yes; drink, love and religion are our three

"We must, of course, prove Hangrave's assertion," said the earl, looking over the hedge as if he saw two hard-featured policemen at hand. "Violet, my dear, my nerves feel quite unstrung to-day, suppose you settle with Meredith, or my troublesome heart may palpitate too violently. I don't want any of the wild cat business, and she looks ready to spring." And then he withdrew in dignified calmness, leaving Lady Violet between the pair. Again the remarkable likeness she bore to Lady Constance flashed before Lionel. He had never, till to-day, steadily regarded her.

"You have now done your worst," said Meredith, pantingly, between her teeth; "but you are poor. I don't think you can do me much harm."

Lionel cast his eyes towards the ring Lady Constance had given him on their wedding morn, when the mellow haze of the autumn morning had ended in the darkness of separation. This ring sold, the proceeds might assist him in her discovery.

"I am poor," he assented; "what of that? She shall yet be mine. You will not like to be confronted by Burges," he whispered, "the brother of the man it was believed you poisoned."

Meredith's face, always pale, now appeared livid. She endeavoured to speak, tottered forward, and, with an hysterical shriek, fainted at his feet. Alas! could she ever have been fair and innocent, capable of raising happy hopes and kindly wishes? Lady Violet moved away to procure assistance, and as she departed, leaving Lionel with the senseless burden at his feet, Aphra, thinking him alone, rushed into the cottage and clutched Lionel's hand.

"She has gone, my son, the beautiful young lady!" she cried. "I saw the carriage drive away, Lionel, and I ran miles and miles keeping it in sight. They took her to the station, I saw them put her into a carriage. They have taken her to London; she was calm and senseless when they lifted her in; she never spoke, one hand dropped by her side. It is in London you must seek your wife."

London! mighty Babylon with its millions of surging humanity, its winding labyrinths, and its impenetrable thoroughfares. To seek for one we love in London without any clue, is similar to throwing a stone into the river and then trying to recover it by boat-hooks.

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Lionel, appalled by the dangers and difficulties besetting his path. "If I should see her no more—if my love should die in her sweet youth, lonely and desolate, calling on my name in vain. Here," pointing to Meredith, "is the demon who has undone us."

The gipsy took out five sovereigns, and laid them by his side, and now the gardener and boy entered and lifted Meredith from the ground.

"She do look mortal bad for sure," said the man, staring from one to the other in amazement.

"You are right, Master Murphy," said the boy, "the pistol-shot meant mischief."

A broken sob from Meredith, and her eyes opened.

"I thought it was death," she muttered, "and I saw the faces I'd injured around me."

She was too weak to stand, so they procured a hurdle and placed her on it, the boy swinging her hat over his arm. Lionel watched this dreary procession depart along the garden-walk, Aphra kneeling by his side; her own heart ached with ceaseless torment; it was not her child, but Sir Phoenix Allerton's son, who had been robbed of his wife. He who, but for her treachery, might have claimed Lady Constance with pride and joy. But must the innocent always suffer for the guilty in this world?"

"It is more than half my work," she moaned, rocking herself to and fro.

Lionel took up the five gold pieces.

"I have another purpose in life," he cried, thinking of the faded leaves in the dead man's diary. Oh, my unknown father, I renounce my search of you, to devote myself to the discovery of my angel wife."

"best friends," he said, still smilingly. "The first may be cured; the second is not hopeless, but the third never."

"Where is the young lady?" said Tessa, who spoke very slowly—every word was studied. The doctor insisted on her saying the few words she could utter in English as correctly as he could teach her; they generally conversed in Italian.

My maroon satin; that is my best dress, and my pretty shoes."

"And for heaven's sake plait up your hair."

"Oh, yes. I plait my hair so nice. Lady Violet is a grande dame, I know; clever too; paints, plays and sings, but she not cook macaroni like Tessa. That is the great art."

"If I were very poor, my Tessa, I should prize your domestic economy, but in my present position I would willingly exchange you for a grande dame—Lady Violet for instance; her talents and birth would push me forward. I might even gain a title. You are only fit to feed chickens and mules."

Tessa here wept abundantly.

"I had money, my Ebenezer. My five thousand pounds was useful to you."

"Who denied it? Listen. Lady Violet's carriage is dashing round our gravel sweep. Dress while I receive her, and do try and be a lady."

Lady Violet had driven over in an elegant park phaeton of the latest fashion. Tessa was loud in her admiration of the magnificent pair of bays with black points, and Lady Violet's exquisitely mounted coral-handled whip, while the silver harness which shone so dazzlingly in the sun reminded her of a certain back room in her uncle's shop, sacred to the memory of various departed salvers and tea-services which would never more grace the ancestral sideboards they had once adorned.

Lady Violet swept into the doctor's massively-furnished drawing-room, looking every inch a duchess. She wore a pale, dove-coloured, brocaded silk, with hat and gloves to match. Her boots were of dove-coloured satin, with small gold buttons, and a costly crimson parasol completed her toilette.

"How is my sister?" she asked, with a fascinating smile peculiarly her own.

Dr. Moseley shivered.

"A trifle worse, I fear, to-day. Violent in an unusual degree; refuses food; melancholy; talks of suicide; highly unsatisfactory condition."

At this moment a gentlemanly lunatic announced himself by a brisk tap at the door.

"Is the washing ready?" he asked, plaintively.

"Certainly, Charles, remove the basket."

The hitherto invisible Charles now appeared, saluted Lady Violet, and seized a green baize covered ottoman, with which he retired.

"That is his only mania," the doctor explained. "He believes he owns a laundry. Soapbuds are his elysium. Curious, is it not, the singular phantasies human flesh is heir to? He has no idea his faculties are shattered. We keep a carriage for him, or rather, his family do. He is heir to four thousand pounds a year."

"Really, how singularly sad. Four thousand a year to go begging."

"Drink, my lady, was the primary cause. He consumed three bottles of French brandy daily."

"Disgusting," echoed her ladyship, who fancied herself in a sort of miniature chamber of horrors. "What I called to tell you was this. My father has sent you a cheque, with his compliments. We have not yet decided on the course we mean to pursue with regard to my unfortunate sister. A good deal depends on the husband's actions."

"Ah, of course, the husband," assented the doctor, who pitied husbands in general; "he is an important party connected with this domestic tragedy."

"We trust he may never gain access to her. Should a villanous old gipsy be seen one day hovering around here, I need hardly say evade her. She is devoted to Hargrave, and might convey a note."

"Exactly. I have before evaded all kinds of surreptitious underhand proceedings, even including gipseys. Your sister is safe with me as—as the grave," and he laughed somewhat too convincingly to be pleasant.

"No violence, doctor. We beg you will be gentle with her; a poor simple creature, you know, and chiefly her own enemy."

"Precisely; but we must of course exercise due discretion. Her luxuriant hair had to be cut off owing to the terrible fever of her brain, but violence towards her is out of the question. We try narcotics; we pour the glorious chloroform around the sufferer's senses, or else we apply the divine opium. Pray believe she is safe in my care."

This was a little imagery of a playful kind in which the doctor was fond of indulging; one of his assistants having nobly "jumped" on an irascible patient the week previously and broken three of his ribs and one arm during a mild encounter when neither chloroform nor opium were introduced—only the blows of an athlete.

Tessa now entered and bowed so low she knocked over a small marqueterie table with a bust of Hercules on it. Lady Violet lifted her glass to her eye.

"My wife, your ladyship, Mrs. Moseley."

"Delighted, I'm sure, to make Mrs. Moseley's acquaintance."

Tessa picked up the Hercules before responding; she feared his left arm was dislocated, and then Ebenezer would do something worse than grumble. After discovering the Hercules was uninjured she said:

"You admire our neighbourhood, do you not?"

It was a sentence she had often rehearsed holding a flat-iron in each hand.

"Most charming," answered Lady Violet, "and such pleasant society in the neighbourhood."

"Very," assented Tessa, who believed in the safety of adverbs. "I am, miladi, Italian, pray excuse my accent."

"Your accent is perfect," said Lady Violet, unaware Tessa's sentences had been taught her like a grey parrot. "Like all your charming countrywomen, I am sure you are a musician. You sing superbly, of course, and paint too. Cultivated minds and spiritual affinities alone are found in your beautiful Italy. Might I beg a song?"

Tessa bit her lips. If she refused it certainly cast an imputation on that beautiful Italy still very dear to her heart, and yet her musical knowledge only extended to nursery rhymes of a sweet but elementary description.

"An unfortunate cold last winter affected my wife's throat and she completely lost her voice. Our English climate is so severe," explained the doctor.

"Oh, really! Mrs. Moseley does not look delicate."

Tessa's brawny arms, which could have scrubbed down a three-storied house and enjoyed the process, now encased in the softest satin sleeves edged with Valenciennes lace, gave no evidence of constitutional delicacy. Lady Violet rose to leave.

"We shall be delighted to welcome you to our town residence in Palace Gardens," she said, graciously. "I sing and play myself in a simple amateurish way, but many of my friends are good musicians. You will enjoy their society."

Tessa bowed creditably; without emotion she yet dreaded Lady Violet's leave-taking. After extending the tips of three fingers Lady Violet dropped her glass and withdrew, while Tessa was saying: "Did I not act well, dearest?"

"Admirably."

"And still I sometimes wonder why you choose me for a wife when English ladies are so clever."

"I loved you, my Tessa, because you were a specimen of the fool-positive," he said, laughing; "it's a way we men have."

Tessa laughed too, and perhaps this was a case of "she laughs best who laughs last."

(To be Continued.)

## "DOES IT BAKE WELL?"

It is reported of Chancellor Kent, of New York, that he was in the habit of talking over his cases with his wife "Betsy." His library and his wife were his two idols, and the fact that he frequently consulted both may have given rise to the following story:

One day, on coming home from court, the chancellor told his wife that he had been trying a puzzled question—whether a certain cooking-stove was a fixture.

"What do you think of it, Betsy?" he asked.

"Does it bake well?" asked the practical woman, going straight to the reason of all fixedness—fulfilment of the purpose of existence.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then it is a fixture, or ought to be," said the wise housekeeper.

## GRANDMOTHER AND BABY.

DEAR old grandma, there she sits

Happy and contented,

Looking out across the fields,

Green and clover-scented.

Baby climbing on her knee

Begs for "one more story."

While the eyes of both are fixed

On the sunset glory.

Veay, very dear are they,

Each one to the other,

Children both in heart and mind,

Baby and grandmother.

Pet has seen two years of life,

(Quite a recent comer.)

While dear grandma, smiling, says,

"Eighty-five last summer."

Both are on the boundaries—

One the sweet beginning,

Where the roses have no thorns,

Where the world looks winning,

Where the little untired feet

Treads on naught but flowers,

And the happy lisping tongue

Counts no troubled hours.

And the other, on the bank

Of the shining river,

Seems to see the mansion where

She shall dwell for ever—

Seems to see, as earth recedes

With its care and sorrow,

Well-known forms she hopes to meet

On the golden morrow.

Blessed grandma! Martyr true

In the realm of duty;

She who sowed so well should reap

Fruits of peace and beauty.

And our fervent prayer shall be

That our babe, God-given,

May in grandma's footsteps tread

Leading up to heaven! M. A. K.

In the amended law for public executions no clause demands that they precisely take place inside the prison, what the public really desires; journalists are reserved the right to "assist" at an execution as well as the "lawyer" who defends the culprit. Imagine doctors being compelled to follow the biers of their patients; perhaps were they, death-rates might be less high.

A BRAVE act was performed by a lady named Bosserdet, at Paris, the other day. A young workman named D— threw himself into the Seine at the St. Bernard Quay, with the intention of committing suicide. Without a moment's hesitation Mme. Bosserdet jumped into the river after him, and, with the help of two passers-by, succeeded in drawing him out of the river. He refused to give any motive for the attempt.





["ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."]

## ALICE DESMOND'S TROTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"That Young Person," "Why She Forsook  
Him," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXII.

LIGHT AT LAST.

In the heart is the prey of the gods,  
Who crucify hearts, not hands.

WITH a repulsion he could hardly overcome, Edwin put out his hand and touched the dark mass which he felt by instinct was William Gordon's murderer. The wretched creature took no notice. Again he laid his hand on her; at that she turned round, two black eyes gleaming like coals of fire looked right into his. A haggard face, full of such abject misery as even imprisonment in a felon's cell had been unable to stamp on Alice Morton's, was raised to his own. The face might have belonged to a woman of forty, and yet this miserable wretch of girlhood was but little older than bright, careless Meg Bolton. She, Nancy, the reader must have guessed who it was, seemed neither surprised nor startled at the presence of the strangers.

"It is very cold to-night," she said, in a hollow voice, addressing herself to Edwin. "I could not leave him here alone. I have been here since sunset. I have called him very often, but he has never answered me. I wish you would call him too, perhaps he would hear you."

Edwin looked at the detective in mute inquiry, but for once Mr. Grimes was not ready with advice.

"I think he's angry with me," said Nancy piteously. "I know he was angry that night in the garden, only I can't remember."

"What night was that?" asked Grimes.

"The night before he was to leave the castle. I can't remember much about it, it's so long ago, and my head grows dizzy when I try to think. Won't you call him for me, sir? because it's very cold, and I can't go home without him."

"Where is home?"

"I don't know that, I forget so. When he wakes up it will all come back to me. Home's with him, you know, because he loves me. Every night I come and call him, but he sleeps so heavy nothing wakes him."

"Nothing will wake him ever, poor soul," said Edwin, gently, "he is dead."

"No, not that; don't say that," cried the miserable creature, passionately. "When I have the bad fits I think he's dead, and I've killed him, because he wanted to marry Lady Alice, but it isn't true, really, you know. He loves me," she went on, after a little pause; "he loves me just as I love him, and when he wakes up he will tell you so. We two shall go together then. My memory will come quite back, and I shan't have the bad fits. I am not all bad, you know, and I do love him so."

"I can't stand much more of this," muttered Edwin, hoarsely. "Can't you cut it short?"

"You must go home," said Grimes, to Nancy, speaking slowly and distinctly, as though she were a child, "it's getting late; it's time you were indoors."

"He's here!" pleaded Nancy, the fierceness all gone from her voice; her tone full of pitiful entreaty; "please let me stay with him. I can bear the cold if he can. I ought to be with him, you know. I'm to be his wife."

"Sybil! Sybil! I say, come here." Involuntarily Grimes and Edwin Bolton crouched down behind a tombstone as they heard that voice. She to whom the words were addressed made no reply. She went on crooning some old ballad in a low, soft voice as

though she would sing a lullaby to her lover. Presently an elderly man came slowly forward; he walked with a jaunty, would-be youthful style, and swinging a dapper little cane in his hand. Nothing about him was attractive, but there was real feeling in his voice as he said:

"Syb, my poor girl, come right home; it's no use, child, sitting crying there; tears won't wake the dead."

"I can't come," she said, sullenly.

"But you must, Syb," with a sort of rough tenderness. "You mustn't go for to forsake your poor old father."

"The others?"

"Why, Ju's got her soldier, and Hal's in the public line. Your mother's too much for me, always was. You and I pulled together best, Syb, and please Heaven we will again once you get over your trouble a bit."

It was the best feeling of his nature his love for his eldest daughter. He went up to her and took her hand to lead her away. Detective Grimes pushed forward then.

"You mustn't run away like that sir, I'm afraid we've more business to do with you than you expect; that is if this young woman's Nancy Bates."

"She isn't, sir," with great fierceness. "She's my daughter, Sybil Lester."

But the wretched girl had started up with a fearful cry:

"Nancy Bates! Nancy Bates! That's the name which comes to me when I have the dark fits!"

One week—one little week after that moonlight scene, but oh, what changes it had wrought. Alice Morton was back again at the castle; "home again" as she joyfully said; her innocence was clear as the day. Those who had judged her most harshly were foremost in their desire to make amends. All knew now that William Gordon had been killed, not by the girl he hopelessly loved, but by a woman whose passion he had slighted, and whose jealous rage would not suffer him to live to woo another.

It was not one of the cases which fall through from lack of proof. There could be no two opinions on the matter; the story of her early engagement, and of her change of mind and breach of faith, might yet rise up against her, but her bitterest foe (only she had no foes) could not have believed she had any hand in her quondam lover's death.

Alice knew all; nothing was kept back from her. They told her how the maid she had always shrunk from was Gordon's murderer and her own cousin. It was a keen blow to her that one of her mother's kindred should so have erred, but Alice had suffered too much to be hard on any sinner. She pitied Nancy from all her heart.

Detective Grimes returned to London with a very substantial recognition of his services. Mr. Marston pressed his lips to Alice Morton's forehead not without emotion, as he thought of what so nearly had been her fate. He rallied his spirits with an effort, and told the heiress, with a smile, he hoped the next business he did for her would be to prepare her marriage settlement, and his ward, blushing deeply, could not answer him.

Meg was gloriously happy. She frequently assured Alice she never would have been married unless she (Alice) could have been a bridesmaid.

Fancy loved her friend all the dearer, perhaps, from suspecting she would some day be nearer than a friend to her.

Lord and Lady Bolton petted the girl given back to them, as it were, by a miracle, almost as though she had been their own child, and Edwin, though from the instant he had known her freedom, he had spoken no word of love to her, yet lived but with one object, that she might share life with him. In such a home, even in the first days of restoration to such friends, Alice did not forget the erring one who lay in her place. It was her own proposal to go and see Nancy.

The wretched girl was then at Elchester prison. It was generally understood that there would be no trial, but the culprit would be detained "during her Majesty's pleasure," for doctors, friends and foes alike agreed in declaring she was insane.

Alice saw John Lester first, to give him the name we know him by best. There was no pride or hesitation in her greeting. Frankly she put out her hand.

"Why did you not trust me? I would have helped you gladly, freely. If she had been safe at home this could not have happened. Oh, why did you let my mother's niece come to me as a servant?"

"Don't reproach me," said the man, feebly. There were tears in his faded eyes, and he appeared to have aged more in the last week than in all the years of struggles with fortune that had gone before. "Don't reproach me," he repeated. "It was her own scheme; she had such a head. My poor Syb."

"I should like to see her," said Alice, gently. "May I?"

They went in together; the broken down old father and the unconscious cousin who all innocently had been Sybil's rival.

Stretched on a pallet bed, pale and worn, was the girl Alice remembered only as bright and attractive. She would not speak; she could not utter the captive's own name, and dreaded to speak the one by which alone she had known her.

Alice said no words, but words are not all powerful; with her own sweet lips she bent down and kissed the guilt-stained brow. In both her innocent hands she clasped the hand which had done so cruel a wrong.

Sybil opened her eyes wearily; it seemed the cloud which shadowed her reason was still there—ever present. She was not fierce or violent; only the awful scene in the arbour had confused her senses; only the icy calm of death would restore the magnificent intellect so cruelly distorted; the energy so sadly misdirected.

"I thought you would come," she murmured to Alice. "You were always good to me. You didn't want to take him from me, did you?"

"Indeed no."

"You were so rich and great; but he was all I had."

"You forget me, Syb," put in her father.

She shook her head.

"He was all I had—my very all. They say I killed him, but that is quite a mistake; he is not really dead, you know; he is coming back to me."

Alice could not answer her. The poor troubled face was turned to her appealingly.

"You think it will be a long while?" said Sybil, feverishly, "but I can wait. I will wait any time so that he only comes back to me. You don't know how patient I can be."

The tears fell fast down Alice Morton's cheeks.

"Sybil," she said, gently, "try not to think of him."

"I can't," answered Sybil, in surprised wonder. "I only live to think of him; and when I am his wife I shall make him quite happy. I think he will come back in May, he loved the summer so. All his pictures were summer scenes. Don't you think he will come in May?"

"I wish he could."

"He can do all he wants," said Sybil, confidently, "he is so strong. 'Lady Alice, will you come to my wedding. Everyone here looks so strangely at me. I don't think they will dress me nicely, and I must look my best then. William loves white. Promise me you will come and dress me, I've dressed you so often.'"

"I will come," thinking it useless cruelty to cross her.

"And will you make me a wreath?" asked Sybil, eagerly. "When you went to your first ball you wore a wreath of white rosebuds. You wouldn't touch the flowers I had got ready."

"I will make you just such a wreath."

"How good you are. I must look nice, you know, for William. He is an artist, and he loves beauty. It will be some time when he comes back, and the roses will be in bloom."

Alice rose to go; her eyes were wet; the sad scene was telling on her.

"Good-bye, dear," she said, gently, "till I come again."

"Good-bye," answered Sybil. "When you come again, please bring the wreath for my wedding; and bend your ear down, I want to whisper, there, so. You do think he'll come soon, don't you?"

Looking at the wasted frame and trembling limbs, Alice Morton answered truthfully:

"I think that very soon you will see him again."

When Alice next went to Elchester prison she took with her rich clusters of white roses from the hothouse, and she twined them tenderly in Sybil's dark hair, but no words of thanks repaid her, for the troubled spirit was at rest. Heaven had acquitted the prisoner and given her a passport to another clime through the gates of death.

Alice's words had come true; it was not long before Sybil saw her love again.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### ADieu.

And they lived happily ever after.

OLD FASHION TALK.

THE avenue of Bolton Castle, one lovely day in summer, almost two years after the melancholy catastrophe which had threatened to cast such a gloom over the old house of the Bolton's.

The family were there now. Lord and Lady Bolton with their ward, who was Alice Morton still, despite offers of love from rich and great who had wooed her long and truly during the two seasons which had elapsed since our last chapter. She had to fill the place of daughter doubly to her guardians now, for Meg and Fancy were both but occasional guests in their childhood's home. The young Duchess of Burnham was a leader of fashion in town, and gentle Mrs. Grey was at Vienna, where her husband still retained the attachéship which had rendered

him at last not an ineligible parti for Miss Bolton.

Alice Morton strolled in the grounds this lovely August day alone. She knew every tree in the avenue, and loved each as a friend; but she heeded them little, now she was watching for the coming of one who was all the world to her, her heart's best love—Edwin Bolton.

Lord Bolton had absolutely refused to consent to his son's engagement to the heiress while she remained his ward.

"My dear Alice," he had told her, "no one could be more welcome to me as a daughter, but I will never let it be said that I secured Lord Ashley's heiress for my son."

So for more than eighteen months, Edwin Bolton had been with his regiment in Dublin, and Alice Morton had shone in Belgravia, visited in the best county families, made the most fashionable foreign tours, in fact, had gone through every temptation to change her mind, and that mind remained constant. At twenty-one she loved Edwin as she had done at nineteen.

"I shall never love anyone else," she told Lord Bolton, the day she attained her majority; and the peer in his secret heart was delighted at her words.

Very pleasant were her musings in the leafy avenue on that August day, very lovely her blushes when she was clasped in arms which had not encircled her since she stood accused of a fearful crime.

"And the greatest heiress in England has kept faithful to such a shockingly undesirable parti."

"If you can forget the past and forgive my share in it."

"My darling," he said, tenderly, "no word of mine shall ever blame you for that hapless engagement so soon repented of. Indeed—indeed, Alice, you should not reproach yourself for a girl's rash word."

"I shall never quite forgive myself," she said, shyly. "I do not deserve to be so happy now."

"Then you are happy, Alice; say it again." And she said it again, for her heart was full of joy; it is not less joyful now when she has been some years his wife.

Their chief home is at Ashley Park, where old Martha is installed as housekeeper. But still Captain and Lady Alice Bolton often pay long visits to Bolton Castle, and their children's infant fingers have been taught to lay fragrant flowers, chiefly white rosebuds, on a grave in Bolton churchyard, a very simple grave, which bears for all inscription, only two Christian names: SYBIL—WILLIAM.

[THE END.]

## KNOW THYSELF.

Ages ago, high upon a Grecian temple, was inscribed the sentence, "Know Thyself." For a maxim so simple in expression it is singularly difficult in practice, and the neglect of its personal application is one of the principal causes of the failures in life so often met with. The first great obstacle to this application is the nearness of the subject. We are too near to ourselves, and see only parts of the whole, which frustrates our attempts at complete self-analysis; and it is only by seeking to put ourselves into the position of a disinterested spectator that we can really make an approximately accurate estimate of our minds and characters.

Unlike our experiences in the physical world, we have to deal with an intangible subject, having none of those ties of matter by which we are accustomed to compare objects in our daily life; and, furthermore, there are heights and depths which it is impossible to comprehend. In ordinary affairs we are able to refer matters to a comparatively fixed standard, but one's mind can only be measured by an indefinite scale, and, like the diamond, which can only be polished by diamond dust, it cannot be trained,



strengthened and developed by aught else than the constant attrition of other minds.

Thus, to know one's self, it is necessary to know others. For improvement in self-knowledge, it is imperative that this outward and comparative study of mind should be judiciously directed by an acquaintance with other, and superior minds, or it might be productive of worse than barren results. For instance, if a man were to pass his days among his intellectual inferiors, he might make a very accurate estimate of his mental status as regards them, but his self-confidence relating to the upper limit of his own powers would be boundless from the lack of minds of greater calibre to check the upward flights of his overweening trust in his own strength. To a mind in such a stage of development its lack of self-knowledge will result in conceit.

On the other hand, if this be Scylla, there is a Charybdis, also; as when, for example, a man associating entirely with minds on a higher plane than his own, sees so clearly the height above him, as to become unconscious of the real superiority of his own position over that of many others. He lacks the sustaining tonic that might be derived from contact with his inferiors, which would thus firmly fix the lower limit of his standing in the intellectual scale, which, through this indefiniteness, he places lower than it really is. From this state of affairs arises undue diffidence. Between these two extremes of outward influences a man should stand.

Drawing from the first case an experience that should give him mainly self-reliance, from the other he should acquire humility. By this comparative analysis, we find our own level—our own equals. We perceive their powers, and begin to learn our own. Begin, for we can never know our real selves, except as the developments of time create new situations which reveal unexpected capabilities, or, on the contrary, we are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Thus far, we have looked at self-knowledge as regarding the intellect, alone; but there is something further to be considered; namely, our moral selves. Here there are far more subtle and menacing dangers to be guarded against than our intellectual life, often unforeseen, and until they are at hand, unknown. As our defence, we have merely a few fixed principles, and on them depends our power to overcome the manifold temptations and snares in our daily life. But this complete knowledge of ourselves is only attained after years of trial and effort; for, a single mistake or failure often demanding a bitter atonement.

An envied few learn their lesson early, but as Solon is reported to have said to Croesus, "you can be sure a man has lived happily, only when he lives no more." So in self-knowledge, as well as in good fortune, we near perfection only as we near the end.

J. P. T.

## THE SURVIVORS;

OR,

John Grindem's Nephew.

### CHAPTER XV.

His words were yet echoing in the apartment, when there came a sharp ring at the door-bell, the effect of which upon the nerves of the husband and wife was all the more startling on account of the lateness of the hour and the gloomy tenor of their conversation.

"Who can it be?" murmured Mrs. Grindem. "The doctor, doubtless!" ejaculated Grindem, raising a light. He may have forgotten his spectacles. Or he may have thought of some further important suggestion to make about Roland. At any rate—

He took his way to the front door, just as the ring was repeated.

"They of course see that we are still up," mused Grindem. "And, of course, no thief would dare to come in this open manner."

He hastened to open the door a few inches, without removing the stout chain with which it was provided.

"What is wanted?" he asked, gruffly, of the two silent figures upon the steps.

"Here is a line from Dr. Gray," replied one of the two men, handing the merchant a letter. "After you have read it, we will expect you to admit us."

The merchant closed the door, and hastened to glance at the missive.

"You had better see these men," it said, in the well-known handwriting of Dr. Gray. "It can do you no harm to hear what they have to say, and a talk with them may spare you much scandal and annoyance."

Mr. Grindem echoed the last three words while a sudden pallor overspread his features.

"Who can they be?" he asked himself. "And what can be their business?"

A moment he hesitated.

Then he opened the door.

"Walk in, gentlemen!" he invited.

The two men complied.

"Please walk into the parlour, gentlemen," added Grindem, starting nervously as he noticed that one of his two visitors possessed only one leg.

And having led the way into his gorgeously-furnished parlour, the merchant added, with a spasmodic gesture:

"Please be seated."

The two men inclined themselves, and the younger and smaller of the two dropped into a seat.

"You, of course, do not remember me, Mr. Grindem," said the gentleman with one leg, as he proceeded to divest himself of his wraps. "I am Captain William Tobias—or at least what is left of him?"

The yell of consternation that escaped the lips of John Grindem, as he recognised the foremost of his midnight visitors, was of a kind that defies representation.

Captain Tobias seated himself with calm dignity beside his companion, adding:

"And as to the young friend who is with me, I daresay that he has grown out of your recollection. Permit me, therefore, to present him. He is Mr. Albert Graham, your nephew."

Albert had quietly removed the wrappings which had partially covered his face, and now stood presented in all his simple manliness and dignity and self-possession.

"That boy?" shrieked Grindem.

"As you see, sir," said Captain Tobias, with an inscrutable smile, "your nephew is a boy no longer. Nearly five years have passed since you spurned him from your presence, and during these five years he has become what you now find him—a noble and wealthy man."

Looking from one to the other, with glances of wondering horror and consternation, the merchant endeavoured to master the wild emotions convulsing every fibre of his being. But at this instant the door leading from the hall was pushed more widely ajar, and Mrs. Grindem appeared. She had slipped on a morning wrapper, and had come to see by whom her husband was visited at such an unusual hour of the night.

"In Heaven's name, Millicent, leave us!" cried Grindem, starting to his feet as if galvanised, and even laying hold of his wife as if to eject her from the apartment. "It is merely the call of a couple of friends who are to leave by an early train, and who have a matter of some importance to discuss with me."

The words did not seem to make any impression upon Mrs. Grindem. She knew the frauds and shams of her husband well enough to comprehend that he was now seeking to impose upon her.

Seizing the lamp with which the merchant had lighted his way from upstairs, she stepped upon a chair, and lighted two or three jets

of the green chandelier hanging in the centre of the apartment.

Then she turned her gaze upon the two men, who arose and saluted her with grave inclinations.

"Captain Tobias! Albert Graham!" she gasped, carrying her hand to her heart, and gazing from one to the other.

For a moment it seemed as if the shock would prove too much for her. She tottered a few steps backwards, her worn face blanching to the hue of the whitest marble. Then she rallied, seating herself in the chair nearest to her husband.

"Back again!" she gasped, hollowly, as her wild eyes ran over the mutilated form of the old navigator. "Back again, after all these years! Back again, as I have always expected."

The merchant glared at her a few moments, as if convinced that she was not the least of his afflictions, and then he turned to the visitors, forcing himself to present a certain degree of outward calmness.

"I believe I have never assumed any obligations towards my nephew," he said, "or furnished him with any occasion to intrude upon me, especially at such an hour of the night. Permit me to say, therefore—"

"One moment, sir," interrupted Captain Tobias, with a dignified wave of the hand. "Allow me to set you right in regard to the presence of Mr. Graham. As you have remarked, you have assumed no obligations in regard to him, and have, indeed, furnished him with no occasion to intrude upon you. I am happy to add that his presence here is not an intrusion. He is here by my request, as my friend and witness, to take note of a necessary transaction between you, Mr. Grindem, and myself."

Albert sat as rigid as if turned to stone. Evidently he was not present as the nephew of the merchant, or even as a respecter of that distinguished villain.

"I am sure that I never did the lad any injury," protested Mrs. Grindem, carrying her handkerchief to her eyes and beginning to cry. "Will you not shake hands with your aunt, Albert, and believe me when I say that I am glad to see you, and to know that you have grown so handsome and so manly?"

"I am glad to reciprocate your kindly greetings, madame," said our hero, rapidly crossing the floor to her side and extending his hand. "There can have never been any ill-will between us."

"I would be an idiot and done with it, Millicent," growled Grindem, who was evidently in a state of chronic annoyance with his wife. "What is the use of snivelling? If you will now leave us—"

"Perhaps she had better remain as a witness for you, Mr. Grindem," suggested Captain Tobias. "We certainly can have no objections to her presence."

"But I have objections," declared the merchant, flushing hotly. "As you can see for yourselves, gentlemen, my wife is in a condition bordering upon insanity, and I cannot consent to harrow up her soul with the affairs about which you have probably sought me."

"I shall remain," said Mrs. Grindem, planting herself more firmly in her chair. "Whatever expiation may be demanded of my husband, I am ready to bear my share of the burden."

The merchant arose, looking a picture of agonised apprehension.

"The hour is late," he said. "Perhaps the gentlemen will call to-morrow?"

"And find that the bird has flown!" sneered the old navigator. "No, Mr. Grindem, I am too well acquainted with you, and have waited too long for this interview, to allow you such a fine chance to slip through my fingers."

The merchant resigned himself to his fate with a sentiment of keen desperation.

"I await your pleasure, Captain Tobias," he said, with a cold defiance he could not entirely conceal. "It seems that you have survived all

these years, and that you have come back at last to London. What of it?"

As few as were these remarks his voice had rapidly grown metallic as he uttered them.

"What of it?" echoed the old navigator, as his fingers played nervously upon his crutches. "You shall soon see, sir. I will begin by jogging your memory in regard to your former dealings with me."

"You will merely waste your time by so doing, sir," returned Grindem. "My wife is already aware that I set you ashore at Cocos Island, all those years ago, and I have no doubt you have told your story to Mr. Graham, your friend and witness." May we not, therefore, regard all that history as being already well understood between us? If I did you any wrong in those days, why haven't you come here sooner to make your complaint?"

"How sooner? I have been a close prisoner upon Cocos Island from the day of your great crime until about a month ago. No ship has come near me—no assistance whatever."

"That fact has seemed a great misfortune to you, I suppose, Captain Tobias, but it is rather late for you to assail me about it. I believe the laws of London are not in force at Cocos Island, or elsewhere in the Pacific Ocean, and if such is really the case, I do not see how you can call me to account for any alleged misconduct on my part all these long years ago. See the little point?"

The grovelling countenance of John Grindem suddenly radiated with its habitual insolence.

"Nevertheless for the sake of peace, and to avoid opening old sores, I am ready to hear any proposition you may choose to make to me," resumed Grindem; "for I, of course, take it for granted, Captain Tobias, that you have come here, with your friend and witness, with the intention of bringing me to a settlement. May I ask, as a preliminary to any possible transaction, how you contrived to press Dr. Gray into your service to the extent of the few lines you have just presented from him?"

"Certainly. Dr. Gray was an old friend of mine," explained Captain Tobias. "In the course of the day I have told him my story, and he has shown me that he is a true man and is ready to do all he can for me."

"I see he is," sneered Grindem. "If he ever sets foot upon my premises again, it will be after my soul has left my body. But supposing I had torn up his letter as waste paper—as I now do in fact," and he suited the action to the word—"and had refused you admittance, by what hook or crook would you have contrived to force your unwelcome presence upon me?"

"There would have still remained many ways of bringing you to terms, sir," replied Captain Tobias, quietly. "For instance, I could have appeared here as the bearer of the latest news from your oldest son and namesake—"

"From John?" shrieked Mrs. Grindem, springing to her feet and flushing lividly. "You are serious, Captain Tobias? You know where our oldest son is?"

She hung as breathlessly upon the answer of the old navigator as if her life depended upon it.

"That is to say, madame," he answered, "I know where he was a month ago. He was in the terrible prison where I have passed the last twenty years. In a word, he was at Cocos Island."

"He lives then?" cried Mrs. Grindem, bursting into tears. "For that I am grateful to Heaven!"

"Perhaps you can tell us how the young man happened to be at Cocos Island a month ago, Captain Tobias?" said Grindem, half-sneeringly.

"Yes, sir, I can," answered the old navigator, who did not appear to feel the least impatience at the treatment he was receiving. "The 'Messenger' in which your son took passage, under the name of Baker, was struck by a tornado, not far from the equator, while traversing the Pacific, and was totally dismantled. For a hundred days thereafter the wreck lay becalmed and fever and starvation carried off nearly all

the passengers and seamen. By cunning arts I need not detail, your son contrived to take good care of himself, and eventually made his escape from the wreck in a boat, and took his way to Cocos Island. He took with him the daughter of another of your victims, John Grindem—the only daughter of Mr. Prescott, whom one of your peculiar transactions had brought to poverty and suffering."

Mrs. Grindem started as if stabbed by a deadly instrument.

"So that is what became of Mr. Prescott and his daughter?" she murmured, speaking rather to herself than to those around her. "They were going to California to retrieve their sad fortunes. And the girl, you say, Captain Tobias, was rescued and taken by our son to Cocos Island?"

"Exactly, madame."

"Then there is at least one good act to be placed to his account."

"Excuse me, madame," corrected Captain Tobias, "it was not goodness that actuated your son, but selfishness. He had fallen madly in love with Miss Prescott, and it was his intention to force her to marry him."

"The girl didn't like him, then?"

"How could she? I am sorry to pain you, Mrs. Grindem, but your son, like his father, is simply infamous and detestable. I daresay he would have murdered Miss Prescott, if she had been at his mercy. But just about the time they reached Cocos Island my young friend here also put in an appearance. Mr. Graham's ship had foundered so suddenly, one dark night, that he alone escaped, a whale-boat happening to drift against him in the darkness. In that boat he made Cocos Island. One of our first acts after he found me was to rescue Miss Prescott from your son, Mrs. Grindem, and soon after we pushed out in the whale-boat aforesaid for the coast of Guatemala, which we succeeded in reaching, and thence we have come on to England, bringing Miss Prescott with us. She is now the betrothed wife of Mr. Graham, and I have this day constituted the young couple the heirs of all I now possess, or may be able to leave behind me."

"A very interesting history," commented Grindem, in the same half-sneering tone he had previously used. "How does it happen that my son did not leave the island in your company?"

"We couldn't receive him," replied Captain Tobias. "He has not only persecuted Miss Prescott beyond all endurance, but he had conspired with three sailors of the 'Messenger' to murder Mr. Graham and myself, and to reduce Miss Prescott to a horrible captivity. We were accordingly obliged, in justice to ourselves, to leave him behind us."

"And there he is now—a helpless prisoner!" groaned Mrs. Grindem. "I suppose there are very few chances of his rescue?"

"Very few indeed—as my twenty years of solitude will tell you. But it will not be difficult, now that I have told you of his whereabouts, for Mr. Grindem to take the necessary measures for his rescue."

"We will, of course, take them," said Mrs. Grindem. "As bad as the boy may be, and as foolish as he has undoubtedly been, he is still our first-born, and I shall always stand by him."

"That is a matter that concerns us alone, Mrs. Grindem," said Grindem, coarsely. "We need not consult our enemies about it. And now, Captain Tobias, that due comprehension has been had of all our entanglements, what are your figures for the damages you have come here to claim?"

"Just fifty thousand pounds, under the several heads of principal, interest, and indemnity. For fifty thousand pounds, to me cash in hand paid, I will grant you full pecuniary absolution for all your sins against me, and will leave your punishment to Heaven."

"You are very kind," sneered Grindem. "But I haven't at command so much money."

"Oh, yes, you have!" said Captain Tobias, smilingly. "I have been looking after your

affairs to-day, and here is an exhibit of the results."

He thrust a memorandum under the merchant's gaze which caused that startled villain to turn livid.

"It is false!" he roared.

"It is perfectly correct, sir. The first of these twelve items shows that your balance in bank at the close of business yesterday exceeded sixty thousand pounds. You will accordingly give me your cheque for fifty thousand pounds, and I will give you a full and legal quitance. You will date the cheque yesterday—for it is now past midnight—and within three minutes it will be certified. The cashier of your bank is now waiting at your door to give me that certification."

Turning deathly white, Grindem stepped to one of his front bay windows and looked out upon the capacious steps. Half a dozen men were standing near the doorway.

"I see," the villain reflected rapidly. "The old man has come prepared for business. A scene of that sort will finish the old woman. I must accept the offer."

He returned to his chair, which he placed before a small desk in one corner of his back parlour. He was as pale as death, but was outwardly placid as marble.

"I realise that you have stolen a march on me, Captain Tobias," he said. "I shall have to accede to your wishes."

In the course of five minutes the documents in settlement of the case had been duly witnessed and exchanged, two of the men at the door being called in for that purpose. Then the disagreeable visitors all uttered a formal adieu and vanished.

## CHAPTER XVI.

For a few minutes after the withdrawal of Captain Tobias and Albert the merchant and his wife sat as motionless as if the events in which they had taken part had changed them to marble.

"You are right, John," then said Mrs. Grindem, with a sarcasm which showed that she found relief rather than depression in all that had happened. "You said an hour ago that you are about to reap the harvest you have so long been sowing. You see that your harvest has begun."

The merchant seemed tempted to make some angry retort, but he controlled himself, and quietly drew his chair nearer to the one in which his wife was seated.

"This is not an hour for reproaches or sarcasm, Millicent," he said, rendering his voice and mien as mild and persuasive as possible. "It is rather an hour in which we ought to endeavour to form some plan of setting to rights all the evils and anxieties by which we are afflicted. It occurs to me that we had better take ship—both of us—with Roland, and go to the rescue of John Junior."

"Oh, will you, husband?" asked Mrs. Grindem, as quickly as a flash, as she threw her arms around her husband's neck with a display of emotion to which she had long been a stranger.

"I certainly will if you say so," said Grindem, returning her caress with averted and pre-occupied eyes. "Why shouldn't we take a little relaxation, if such is our pleasure? I am rich enough to afford it. The fifty thousand pounds Tobias has just carried off is scarcely more than a drop in the bucket. I am even frank enough to say that the old man appears to me to place a very reasonable estimate upon his misfortunes."

"I think so too, John," returned Mrs. Grindem, "and am very glad the matter has been made no worse for us, and that we are to have no further trouble with him. I am glad, too, that nephew has found such a friend and benefactor."

"Yes, that is all well enough," said Grindem, with a yawn. "All we have to do is to give Roland a change—as well as take one ourselves—and to look after that worthless coot at Cocos



Island. It even occurs to me that I shall be able to combine profit with pleasure, and that I can probably charter and freight a ship for the Pacific in such a way as to make a large sum of money. I will think the matter over, and return to the subject in the morning. Meanwhile, you had better go to bed and endeavour to sleep. I am going to step around to lawyer Grimm's a moment."

"What, so late?"

"Oh, you know Grimm is always at my disposal," said Grindem, carelessly. "I want to ask him a question or two, and instruct him about the sale of certain stocks the first thing in the morning. I will be gone only a few minutes."

And with this he vanished.

The scene changes to the parlour of Mr. Grimm, who, half-dressed, sat in front of the man who had roused him up at such a late hour of the night, and who was pouring into his astonished ear a comprehensive report of the night's misfortunes.

"You see now just how the case stands," concluded the merchant. "Is that certification of the cheque illegal?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Can I sue the president or cashier of the bank for revealing the amount of my balance?"

"No, sir, not with the least chance of punishing them for the act."

"But the said betrayal of my status in the bank has evidently cost me fifty thousand pounds."

"No, sir. You could have refused to give Tobias your cheque. Tobias could have also fixed his gaze upon any other of the items of your wealth, as easily as upon your bank account."

"I can't put an injunction upon the bank to prevent it from honouring the infernal cheque?"

"Certainly not. You have parted definitely with your money."

The merchant looked at his legal adviser as if half suspicious of his capacity or integrity.

"I see that you do not relish what I say, Mr. Grindem," he said, smilingly, "and I will, therefore, repeat what I have so often told you, that I will never be a party to your going into court upon any pretence or claim whatever. You have built too many glass houses in your day and generation to defy the human race to throw a stone at them. No, let Tobias go with what he has got. I will even be frank enough to congratulate you upon the old sailor's moderation. Had he taken his one leg into court, and duly harrowed an ordinary jury with the horrors he has undergone, the whole strengthened and explained by collateral scandals and transactions, he would have readily recovered double as much."

"That, certainly, is one way in which to look at the matter," said Grindem, arising, "but perhaps in a day or two I will show you another."

The next call of the merchant, at an early hour of the morning, was upon a private detective, who had an office in one of the many pleasant and accessible rooms looking upon the Strand. The name of this man was Mr. Copps. He was in constant receipt of five hundred pounds a year from the merchant, partly for occupying himself with the merchant's affairs, but also partly for not busying himself too closely and particularly about them.

At sight of Mr. Grindem, the detective extended his hand, smiling significantly.

"I knew I should see you this morning, Mr. Grindem," he said, when salutations had been exchanged. "I said so to myself the minute I saw that article in the papers."

"The papers!" gasped Grindem, taking a chair. "What article?"

"Why, an account of the Tobias affair—twenty years of a solitary residence on an uninhabited island—terrible crime of a merchant—and so on for two columns," explained the detective, glibly. "Haven't you seen the article? Here it is."

He placed a morning paper in the hands of the startled merchant, who glared at the printed pages as furiously as if they had been animate demons.

"Tough, isn't it?" commented Mr. Copps, sympathetically, removing his cigar from his lips. "And true, I suppose, judging from the numerous dates and names that come in collaterally. It beats the demon how the papers get hold of such horrors, and thrust them under your nose at the moment when you are least inclined to see them."

"The infernal villains!" gasped the merchant, "I'll see Grimm immediately, and sue every man of them for libel!"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said Copps, with cheerful heartlessness. "The Tobias crowd can doubtless prove all they have stated."

"But I am ruined—completely ruined and assassinated, man, by these atrocious statements!" howled Grindem. "I shall never be able to look another Englishman in the face. I'll close out everything, and take a trip to America, or Asia, or Timbuctoo—I do not care where!"

"Between ourselves, Mr. Grindem, you cannot do better than to take that very course," said Copps, as cheerfully as ever. "But what last great service can I render you before you go, and so deserve at your hands a few additional hundreds?"

"I'll tell you, Copps. This man Tobias will call at my bank in the course of the day to cash a cheque I have given him. You'll know him by his being a one-legged man. I want you to follow him, of course, and learn where he is stopping, and all the particulars of his surroundings, and come to me in the course of the evening with your reports."

"Many thanks for the commission, sir. You shall see me at ten o'clock precisely."

Taking an omnibus, Mr. Grindem rode down town, busying himself with his morning paper. His unusual reserve, however, did not prevent him from noticing that everybody stared at him, and that nearly every associate and acquaintance he encountered turned his back as scornfully as promptly. By the time he had reached the Bank he was lividly red with his annoyance and agitation.

"There's no recovery from such an exposure as that," he assured himself, as he descended from the omnibus. "I shall have to beat a retreat. But let 'em look sharp or I'll give them another and a greater sensation when I take my departure."

His face was as resolute as pale, however, as he entered a well-known shipping house, the proprietors of which had advertised for sale a first-class clipper brig, nearly as good as new, for about half her value. Half an hour later he was in possession of a document in which he was duly constituted the sole owner of the vessel.

"Going to sea, Mr. Grindem?" asked one of the late owners.

"Yes, going to take my wife and son on a little cruise for their health."

That same day the new owner began getting aboard of the brig a large supply of provisions for the forecabin and for the cabin, and in the course of the afternoon she was manned and officered upon an equally liberal system. It could have easily been remarked, however, that some of these sailors and officers were of the most lawless and piratical-looking description. The pre-occupation of Grindem, too, as he hovered about the wharf where the brig was lying, showed that he was intent upon some sinister project.

At ten o'clock upon the following evening the busy man was furnished with a report by Mr. Copps. The detective had not only traced Captain Tobias to his residence, but had discovered that the old navigator had a young couple residing with him—namely, Mr. Albert Graham and a Miss Prescott. The information gave new hopes and vigour to the merchant. His eyes gleamed vengefully.

"Would you like to make a clean two thousand, Copps?" he asked.

"Just show me how, sir!"

"The brig 'Speedwell' will be lying in the river on and after twelve o'clock noon to-morrow!" communicated the merchant, in a whisper. "If you will have those three persons—Captain Tobias and the young couple—aboard of the said brig in the course of to-morrow evening, sacredly guarding my secrets, I will have a boat there to take you ashore, and will pay you for the service, in banknotes, two thousand pounds. Of course, I do not care by what arts, false pretences, or violence the presence of the three persons named is secured. That is entirely your lookout!"

"They shall come aboard between eight and ten o'clock to-morrow night," declared Copps, emphatically. "I think I see your hand, but that does not concern me. Only let there be no misunderstanding or misarrangement about the two thousand!"

"Depend upon it, sir!"

A few details and suggestions were exchanged, and the detective took his departure just as Mr. Grindem put in an appearance, in accordance with a previous appointment.

"The trap is set, Mr. Grindem," said the merchant, with a frankness which showed that he had taken his counsel entirely into his confidence and interested him pecuniarily in the success of his new villany. "What we now have to do, Grindem, is to realise on my real estate and everything else before to-morrow noon. You shall not only have four thousand pounds for assisting me in getting off with my prisoners and cash, but you shall have free passage with me."

We need not dwell upon the herculean labours that succeeded. The entire night and the forenoon of the new day were consumed in these combined preparations for rascality and flight, and then the couple repaired quietly aboard the brig, which had pulled out into the stream. Mrs. Grindem and Roland were, of course, of the party.

"Now for the arrival of Captain Tobias and his friends," whispered Grindem, as soon as they were by themselves on the deck. "I'm sure Copps will bring them."

"No doubt of it," returned Grindem. "Your pay is too princely for him not to earn it. His success, I see, will make you happy."

"Happy!" echoed Grindem. "It will make amends for all past annoyances. Let's open a bottle to our glorious triumph!" and he chuckled like a fiend.

(To be Continued.)

## SCIENCE.

### THE PNEUMATIC CLOCK.

Among the many wonderful pieces of mechanism to be seen at the Paris Exhibition, the pneumatic clocks exhibited in the Austrian section are not the least interesting. These clocks give exact time to all the clocks of a city simultaneously, whether the distance of the latter from them be six miles or sixty. The system has now been in operation for about two years in Vienna, where the time is sent in this way from the Imperial Observatory, through tubes laid along the gas mains in different parts of the city, to all the public clocks, the hands of which all move by this arrangement at the same time. The city of Paris has recently authorised the "Société des Horloges" to make a public trial of this pneumatic apparatus, with a view to the possible adoption of the system.

The principle upon which these clocks work is this: "If a column of air, inclosed in a tube at a given tension, be subjected to pressure, it immediately transmits that pressure to all its parts, even the most remote." But the compressed air, after having exerted its force, must be expelled from the tube and replaced by a fresh column; because, if the tube were not alternately opened and closed, this column would act precisely like an elastic spring; consequently the mechanical effect on the pistons would be insufficient, and the hands of the clock

would remain at a standstill, powerless to move. The pneumatic clocks are at once simple and perfect; they are not likely to get out of order, and the escape of air even from the distributing pipes cannot alter their movement. This mechanism is extremely simple, and may be described as follows:

Air is injected into a metallic cylindrical reservoir by means of a hydraulic motor; from thence this air is led into another large cylinder or distributor; it is only used, however, as fast and in such quantities as needed by the regulator. At every minute the air from the regulator enters the lead or iron distributing pipes, and acts on a leather piston enclosed in a small cylinder attached to a lever; and the latter determines the movement of an escapement that moves the hands of the receiving dial. This lever receives the pressure communicated by the central motor, and at every movement causes an escapement wheel to advance one notch, marking one minute of time.

At every unlooking of the escapement wheel, the air from the distributor ceases communication with the distributing pipes, and escapes into the atmosphere. The regulator of the central motor is an endless chain clock as perfect as possible, furnished with a compensating pendulum. This receives astronomical time from the public observatory, and transmits it to the dials, distributed in different quarters of the city, as well as to those of private dwellings.

In order to prevent any accident, and as a simple measure of precaution, each central station is provided with twin motors, each complete in all its parts, and only one of which is in operation at a time. These two motors are connected automatically, in such a way that if, through an accident, the working machine suddenly stops, the other one at once begins operation, thus preventing the least retardation in the movement of the clocks.

#### INFLUENCE OF GASLIGHT ON THE EYE.

THE German Minister of Instruction, in a recent report on the influence of gaslight on the eye, concludes that no evil results follow a moderate use of gas, if the direct action of the yellow flame on the eye is prevented. Grave objections he makes to the use of zinc or lead shades, most evils affecting the eye being traceable to them. Their use, it is said, inevitably tends to blindness or inflammation, and other harmful effects. The milky white glass shade is the best, as it distributes the light and has a grateful effect on the eye.

The burner should not be too close to the head, as congestions of the forehead and headaches result from the radiated heat. The glass plate below the gas is especially useful for the purpose, as it causes an equal distribution of the light—necessary where a number are working at one burner—prevents the radiation of heat, and tends to a steady illumination by shielding the flame from currents of air. In cases of highly inflamed eyes, he recommends dark blue globes.

A STRANGE alteration of surface levels in the neighbourhood of Florence is reported by an Italian journal. In the space of a few days, the ground on which stands the village of Ortigli gradually sank fifteen feet below the surrounding country, while at the same time a tract about six hundred feet distant was observed to be slowly rising. At last accounts, the inhabitants of the village had camped in the fields, for fear their houses would tumble down; and the rise of the neighbouring tract was being carefully studied by several Italian men of science.

THE official account of the voyage of the British scientific surveying ship "Challenger" is expected to fill from fourteen to sixteen quarto volumes of five or six hundred pages each. The only portion finished is that which relates to the Brachiopoda (a class of molluscs with two fleshy arms continued from the sides of the

mouth), written by Mr. Thomas Davidson. Of the rest, the memoir on the Echinidea (an order of animals comprising the sea-urchins) by Professor Alexander Agassiz, the American naturalist, will probably first be completed. The illustrations are said to be exquisite.

THREE of the great tortoises of the Seychelles Islands have recently been received at the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris.

## BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Clytie Crumbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Leo," etc.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

MAX VON KONIG.

Fate orders these things by her will, not by ours; Sir, mankind is the sport of invisible powers.

At the table-d'hôte of the hotel Belle Vue in Brussels, a numerous and brilliant company is seated.

The majority of those present are English people, for all the corporations in England, through its chief dignitary, from the Lord Mayor of London to the High Bailiff of Peterborough, had some months previously presented an address in Buckingham Palace to the King of the Belgians, and they have now sent their representatives to Brussels to present the illuminated scroll in an elaborate silver casket to King Leopold II. and his queen.

Very important people are the Mayors of England, and still more important are their wives and daughters, who accompany some of them. There are a few ladies and gentlemen among the deputation too, though these are principally the members of the council who have organised and conducted the whole affair, and some dozen or two ordinary travellers who happen to be staying at this hotel at the time.

Of the latter were Colonel Chartres with his half sister, Mrs. Garland, her son and her daughter Minnie.

"What a singular company," Minnie observes, in a low tone to her uncle, "can you understand why the Belgians should make such a fuss with them. The city is illuminated, and a guard of honour received them at the railway station and carriages were provided to bring them here; some of them look distinguished people, but the majority must surely be small shopkeepers."

"They are not here on their personal merits, my dear, though some of them might reasonably claim to be so," said her uncle; "but are representatives of the English nation, and the Belgians wisely make much of them as a warning to France and Germany in the war that threatens that Belgium has a powerful friend and ally, and 'twill be well in their struggles for aggrandisement to leave her alone."

"But do you think a deputation like this can carry any weight with it in the councils of Europe?" asked Minnie, incredulously.

"Yes; to a certain extent, it commits Great Britain to a policy. But look over there, near the foot of the table on the opposite side; do you see a young man sitting there? Doesn't his face seem familiar to you?"

"Yes," replied the girl, while her own face slightly flushed. "I saw him this morning when we were having breakfast in the smaller room, and we met again this afternoon in the Wertz gallery; he is with that old gentleman in blue spectacles; probably he is his son."

"I don't agree with you; the old man is a German, a Jew too I should say; the younger is an Englishman, I feel sure of it. I wish Katie were here."

Minnie opened her eyes as she said:

"I don't know how Katie could decide the young man's nationality, though I should be glad to have her with us. George will be useful in this case however; tell him to find out

about them, uncle. George is singularly clever at making acquaintances."

Colonel Chartres made no reply. It would only be another disappointment he told himself, and why should he constantly be seeking what was never to be found.

No need to say anything to George on the subject, for on their troping into the glass enclosed colonnade or gallery, which with its cushioned recesses and commodious reading-room, is the only substitute for a general drawing-room and smoking-room, and the only place to write and read in that the hotel affords, unless you indulge in the luxury and expense of a private sitting-room, Minnie saw her brother put his hand on the shoulder of the young man who had excited her interest, and make some observation to him.

The girl with her mother had left the table a manger before the gentlemen, so she could more easily watch them without being observed herself.

She saw that George and the young man were talking familiarly together. Then that her brother was introduced to the waiter of the blue spectacles, but at this moment a crowd of strangers came between her and the trio—she was interested in, and hid them from her sight.

Now from what we have seen of her, Minnie Garland could scarcely be considered a romantic young lady or one at all likely to fall in love at first sight with a man whom she had never spoken to.

Certainly she had never before been guilty of such an act of folly; nay, so far was she from it, that love in its fullest and most powerful phase, that love which like a trouble in the blood blunts all other sensations and sets the soul on fire, had never till now touched her heart or startled her with its wild tempestuous rush of feeling. Could this be—

The pure, open, prosperous love,  
That pledged on earth and sealed above,  
Grows in the world's approving eyes;  
In friendship's smile and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness?

Surely not. Already poor Minnie Garland felt like a guilty thing.

What! She give her love unsought! Give it to a stranger with whom she had never exchanged a word in her life!

It must have been a kind of madness that had come over her, for no sane creature she was sure could ever feel as she felt, or have the wild, baseless longings which had closed in upon her soul.

She was aroused from this by no means pleasant train of thought by her brother's voice at her side, saying:

"Minnie, let me introduce to you Herr von König; we were at Heidelberg together last year; you have heard me speak of him."

The girl lifted her eyes and saw the man who had made such a strange impression upon her looking at her with dark blue, heavily fringed eyes, awaiting her greeting.

For a moment her head seemed to swim, and she scarcely recognised the sound of her own voice as she said:

"I am always glad to know my brother's friends. Have you been long in Brussels?"

"Oh, no," in singularly well pronounced English; "we only arrived yesterday. My uncle and I will stay here a week or two, then we go to England."

Minnie smiled; she was not equal at the present moment to saying many bright or pretty things, but she turned to her mother and introduced the young man to her, for George had already moved away, and the girl felt unusually awkward.

Mrs. Garland however was delighted to have a young and handsome man to talk to. She had heard George speak of Herr von König. She hoped when he came to England he would visit them, and her voluble tongue rattled away until Colonel Chartres joined them and was also made acquainted with the stranger.

As the two men stood side by side, the strange and striking resemblance they bore to each other flashed upon Minnie Garland's mind.



One man was old, the other young, yet, but for the difference in age, each was the exact counterpart of the other. Both were tall.

Perhaps Colonel Chartres had begun to stoop a little, which would account for the slight advantage the younger man possessed over him in stature; but both had short, crisp curly hair; the Colonel's was grey, von König's was brown, but the very waves seemed alike, while in the colour of the eyes and the form of every feature the likeness was perfect, and, curious enough, both men had the same trick of throwing the body a trifle on one side when standing in conversation or looking at anything at a distance.

Minnie wondered at the resemblance, and began to account to herself on this score for the strange interest she felt in this young man, whom, till that day, she had never seen, when a harsh voice said in German:

"Max, I will go to bed."

Von König turned, slightly changed colour, said some words in a low tone to the wearer of the blue spectacles, who scarcely received them graciously, though he must have been amenable to persuasion, for Max, as he had been called, introduced the old man to his new friends as Herr von Guilderstein, his uncle, and Minnie, far more at ease with him than with his nephew, talked and chatted to him freely.

Not that he quite understood all she said. His knowledge of our language was by no means perfect enough for that, but he liked a young, and pretty woman to talk to. He liked to hear himself talk, to repeat anecdotes, and to tell funny little stories that his friends had listened to a hundred times over, and were more than weary of, but that were all new to Minnie, and she showed so much interest and pleasure in them that the old man's heart warmed towards her, and he thought if he had only been twenty years younger he would have tried to carry off this fair English rose from all other suitors.

The party broke up early, though our friends were among the last to retire to their rooms, for the English deputation, tired with their journey from London that morning, went off early to their respective apartments, leaving the ordinary travellers in undisputed possession of the most comfortable seats in the salon.

"You do not belong to this deputation?" asked Max von König of Minnie.

"No," with a smile.

"Nor do we," he went on; "but I know one of the promoters of it. He would be glad to do me a kindness, and if you like I think I could get cards for some of the balls and entertainments that are to be given by the king and the municipality."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" exclaimed the girl, "wouldn't it, mamma? I am told there is to be a ball at the palace, and a banquet at the Hotel de Ville, and a grand performance at the opera, besides numerous fêtes. Can you manage it, Herr von König?"

"I believe so," cheerfully. "It was offered me for myself and uncle, but we don't care for such things; so I will ask for invitations for you."

"Oh."

The word was not much, though there was a shade of disappointment in it.

Balls, banquets and fêtes suggested delightful ideas to a girl of one or two and twenty, but half the charm of them would be lost in poor Minnie's eyes if Max von König were not to be there to share them.

She could say nothing, however, though Colonel Chartres noticed her tone and expression. He, too, had taken a strange liking to this young man, and he thought he knew how to obtain an entrée for his whole party to the festivities without using Max's influence, or depriving him of the pleasure of joining them.

"And he will be sure to come?" mused the old man. "Minnie's bright eyes are a magnet for both uncle and nephew."

The next morning, as early as he could do so with anything like propriety, Colonel Chartres

presented himself at the British Embassy and sent in his card, accompanied by a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, and a few seconds later Her Majesty's representative at the Belgian Court received him.

Time was precious. The casket containing the address which the deputation had brought was to be presented this morning, and the minister had not a moment to spare.

So, briefly as possible, the colonel stated that he had his sister, niece, and nephew with him, and they would like to be present at some of the entertainments that he had heard would take place during the week.

The minister smiled. I am afraid it was not the first application of the kind that he had received from travelling or resident Englishmen; but he promised to do what he could, took the names of the colonel's party and their address, shook hands, and the interview was over.

"He'll forget all about it," muttered the old soldier with some irritation, and vexation with himself for having asked the favour.

But there he was mistaken. The names had been handed to a secretary, and almost immediately after he had returned to the hotel a messenger arrived with cards of invitation to a reception at the British Embassy that very night.

"And we are waiting for you, uncle," exclaimed Minnie, in a state of delighted excitement. "Herr von König has got cards for us all to go and see the casket presented. Mamma and George and Herr von Guilderstein have started. Oh, it is such fun! All the mayors are in their robes and chains of office. I have been watching them until I could scarcely help laughing outright. There was one old man who they told me was the Mayor of Dudley, and a great ironmaster, but, oh! he was so comical. He looked like a boiled lobster in his scarlet robe and with his red face. First of all he strutted up and down the corridor, looking at himself in every bit of glass, twisting and turning to get a view of his finery from every point of advantage, and I heard him once say, 'Ay, that's the foin, mon.' Then he went out in the square opposite the hotel and trotted up and down, to the infinite delight of all the small boys and the respectful astonishment of the grown-up people, who no doubt concluded the Englishman was mad. But we must be going, uncle. I only wish your uniform was here."

"I shouldn't wear it, my dear, if it were," was the answer. "Yes, I am quite ready," he continued, as Max von König made his appearance.

So the three went off together to the Ducal Palace, where the reception by their Majesties was to take place.

"What a handsome couple they make," thought Colonel Chartres, as he looked at Max and Minnie standing side by side. "If I had but a son like him how happy I should be. He reminds me of my lost youth, and of my dead wife. With this senseless longing to find our child never leave me?"

"You look sad, sir," observed the young man, with ready sympathy, "or is it that you are tired?"

"No, thank you;" then, with a sudden impulse, he added:

"I was thinking of my son, whom I lost, yet had never seen."

"Ah!" said Max, with dreamy sadness; "I can sympathise with you in that, for I never knew my father."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### RIVALS.

You have all fairest things; all joy is yours  
To give and take away; you have all love;  
Your beauty is to man's heart as the sun.  
That dices out day and night to the whole earth.  
O'SWAGHERBERT.

THE throne room in the Ducal Palace looks wonderful and magnificent to Minnie as she enters it for the first time.

True she is separated from her friends,

though she can see them, for she has been graciously accommodated with a seat in a loggia or low balcony that goes half way down one side of the great hall, and faces one exactly similar on the opposite side.

Both loggias are filled almost to overflowing with gorgeously-dressed ladies, whose varied costumes with the crimson velvet hangings and the wonderful combination of Belgian and English flags, help to make the whole scene one of rare and singular splendour.

Cold as the weather is, for it is the first of February, the winter sun shines brightly and cheerfully in, falling upon the civic dignitaries in their robes and gowns of many shades and colours, upon officers of many nations, in full uniform, and on men who like those we know are dressed in plain morning costume, and who are leaning against the sides of the loggias, talking to their fair occupants.

A throne on a raised dais stands at the end of the long room opposite the entrance, while, lower down, though in front of it, is a table upon which may be seen the massive silver casket, which, with its less costly contents, is the occasion for this ceremony.

"Many and anxious, as the time flies on, are the glances towards the door at which their Majesties are expected to enter, for this is the first occasion since the death of their only son that the Queen of the Belgians has appeared at or taken part in any public reception, and the anxiety to see her lovely face again is very great."

Suddenly there is a thrill of excitement.

Officers in uniform with white feathers in their cocked hats come in, look around, walk up the long room to the throne, give certain orders quietly, and the hundreds of men who stand about the hall are soon marshalled into their respective places. Then a space is cleared, and after numerous delays and much anxious expectation, there is a buzz and a suppressed murmur as the King and Queen, followed by the Comte and Comtesse de Flandres, some ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and the Bourg-mestre of Brussels, walk up and take their places before and about the throne.

The address was read; the king replied briefly and in English; then came the presentations, when the arm of royalty must have ached with so much hand-shaking, and the queen must have been weary with making so many gracious bows. Then the royal party retired with the same state as had attended their entrance, and the ladies, like so many inquisitive butterflies, flocked down into the body of the hall to examine the casket and everything curious and wonderful around them.

"Well, Minnie, what did you think of it?" asked her uncle, as they were leaving the palace.

"I don't know. It seems almost too much to see at once, uncle," replied the girl, with a little breathless gasp. "What were you saying, mamma?" becoming again conscious that her mother was asking her a question.

"I was asking whether it was the queen or the comtesse who wore blue velvet," said Mrs. Garland, for the second time.

"The comtesse, mamma. The queen was dressed in black velvet, and wore a white bonnet." Then, turning to Colonel Chartres, Minnie said:

"That reminds me, uncle, I must go to a milliner's. I haven't an evening dress with me. Of course it is very frivolous," she added, with a laugh, that was meant for an apology to Max, "but dress is one of the necessary evils of life, and therefore has to be thought of."

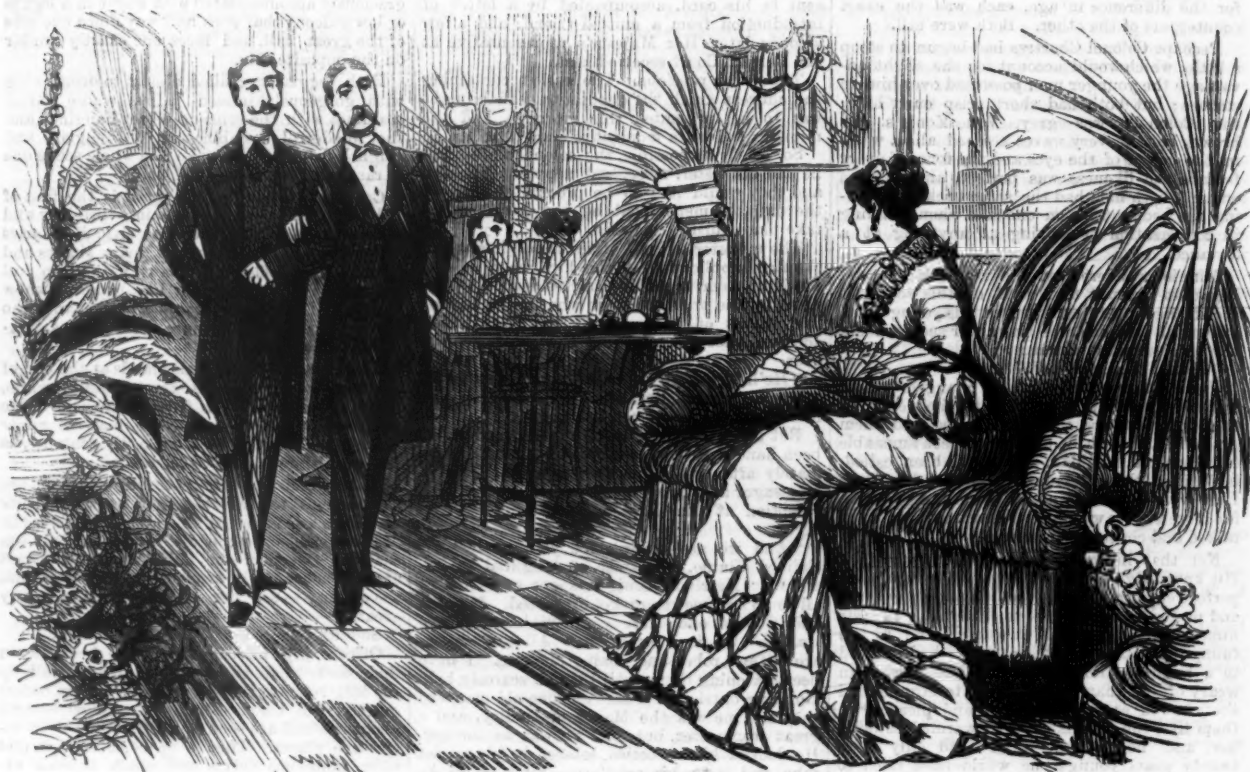
"Certainly," he acquiesced.

There is no maid however fair,  
Who is not fairer in new clothes than old.

"I suppose," he added, "that you do not require the benefit of our taste and judgment in the selection of your costume."

"No; you shall judge of the effect, not the details," was the laughing reply. Then, as another idea occurred to her mind, she added:

"I do wish Katie were here with us, uncle."



[MAX VON KONIG.]

Do you think it would be of the least use our writing or telegraphing to her?"

"No, my dear, she promised to go to Penzance with Mrs. Templemere; besides, this excitement won't last more than a week, and as we do not belong to the deputation we shall not get to half of the entertainments. There is a dinner at the palace to-night to which only gentlemen are invited. I would give the price of a dozen dinners to be among the guests, but I don't suppose it is possible."

Nor was it; but, though not present at the dinner himself, Colonel Chartres received a highly coloured description of the banquet from one of the civic luminaries who was present, to say nothing of the privilege of studying and criticising the menu of the feast.

Minnie Garland had lived a very quiet life up to this time; she had not been presented at Court, nor had she been to half a dozen balls in her life, therefore you can well imagine that her heart beat tumultuously, and that she was labouring under a suppressed feeling of excitement as the time drew near when she was going to the British Minister's reception; for, beyond all other considerations, Max von Konig would be present, and vanity whispered, he would see her to the best advantage.

Money will accomplish a great deal, particularly in the principal cities of Europe, and Brussels was no exception to the general rule.

Thus it happened that though it was quite three o'clock in the afternoon before Minnie and her mother went off to look for evening dresses, yet by nine o'clock the same night the ladies were fully attired in all their bravery, and were mounting the stairs of the British Embassy, where flunkies in silk stockings and crimson plush were standing among the tall hothouse plants as though stationed there in lieu of statuary.

A handsome, courteous gentleman received them as their names were announced; a stately lady, who acted as hostess on the occasion, the host being a bachelor, said a few words, then

they passed on and joined the crowd already assembled.

But where was Max?

Surely that white tulle dress with its delicate sprinkling of pearls that became her fair English face and form so well had not been bought, admired and worn merely for the benefit of indifferent strangers.

Yet this seemed to be the case; neither Max nor his uncle made their appearance, and Minnie forgot to pay any regard to the beauty of the rooms, or to take any particular notice of the guests till her uncle, seeing she looked weary, suggested that they should sit down.

They had not been seated five minutes, however, before a short, stout man, with very red hair, and a very sunburnt face, planted himself before Colonel Chartres and greeted him effusively.

"How do you do? Who would have thought of meeting you here? Have come home on leave; don't mean to go back again if I can help it."

So the new-comer rattled on, the Colonel responding in an equally cordial manner, till Minnie's presence was remembered, and the red-haired man was introduced to her as an old friend of her uncle's, Lieut.-Colonel Chumleigh.

Minnie was not very much interested in her new acquaintance, but he was better than nobody, and Colonel Chartres had been as nervous and fidgety as herself at not seeing Max, and now he seized the opportunity of leaving his niece in charge of his friend while he made a tour of the rooms to see who was present.

Colonel Chumleigh was a widower, therefore he considered it both his privilege and his duty to pay extravagant compliments to every pretty girl he met, and he now began his usual course of conversation with Minnie, making her feel hot and angry, and bringing such a flush to her cheek that any looker-on might have imagined that she was listening to an impassioned lover's declaration of affection.

So, at least, thought Max von Konig, and the

admiration and liking which he had felt for this girl now in a moment blazed up into a sudden flame of love and jealousy, and he would have liked nothing better than to have grappled with the man whom he regarded as his rival, and contested by strength and skill for the prize he coveted.

This was impossible, however, and he stood moodily watching the couple till Minnie, suddenly looking up, encountered his eyes, when he would have turned away but that her welcoming smile seemed to call him to her side, and he went.

It was Colonel Chumleigh's turn to scowl, which he did very readily, and he pulled his long, sandy-coloured moustaches, and wondered what this "conceited young jackanapes" wanted there.

Feeling there was something amiss, but not quite realising what, Minnie, with a view of breaking the ice, introduced the two men, thinking they might then all talk pleasantly together, but never could she have made a greater mistake; Max could not talk to his rival, because he did not know what subject to start, and the Colonel maintained an aggressive silence.

The return of her uncle, therefore, was a relief to Minnie, and his suggestion that they should make their way to the refreshment and supper-room was readily agreed to.

But here, too, the young people were doomed to experience fresh vexation, for Colonel Chumleigh, before Max could do so, offered his arm to Minnie while her uncle linked his in that of his young favourite, leaving the field open, as it seemed, for the widower.

But nothing fosters the growth of love like opposition and jealousy, and from the moment the eyes of these two men met they resolutely entered the lists to contend with each other for the fair and gentle prize.

One had wealth, position and an ancient name.

The other had youth, and time will show what else.

(To be Continued.)





[MURIEL.]

## "MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Sinned Against: Not Sinning," &c.*

### CHAPTER XL.

Thou hast loved, it may be vainly,  
But well, ah! but too well;  
Thou hast suffered all that woman's heart  
May bear, but must not tell. MRS. HEWANS.

ANOTHER day has come, and Ernest Maybrick, in pursuit of the pictures he has come to Paris to see, saunters through the grand galleries of the Louvre.

Slowly and admiringly he walks through the magnificent hall of Apollo, with its rare treasures of Mosaics and Sevres, and presently he finds himself in the gallery where are the Rubens pictures.

The queenly Marie de Medicis stands out in bold relief from the other figures, and Ernest Maybrick walks backwards and forwards intently studying the huge canvases. He sees the contours and flesh tints he has come for the purpose of studying, and presently taking a small sketching-block from his pocket, he seats himself on one of the fauteuils, and commences making a copy of some favourite bit in the composition.

There are many students sketching in the gallery, maidens and young men—the former attired in the bilious yellows and dirty sage-greens, so dear to the hearts of art-students; and the latter, for the most part, in the orthodox velvet suits or blouses, and the flowing hair so affected by budding artists.

The usual stream of sightseers is passing, or rather, to be more comprehensive, British tourists, in every variety of the class—stout,

garlic-smelling French bourgeois, with their stouter, unwieldy-looking wives, and the inevitable, round-headed, three-year-old child. Tobacco-perfumed Belgians and Germans, and other stragglers of various nationalities, make up the stream of human life which flows past Ernest Maybrick as he sits oblivious of all surroundings, and unheeding anything save the picture upon which he is intent.

A woman slowly walks through the rooms. A woman distinguished from all others by the anxious, wistful gaze of her blue eyes. Many an one turns and looks at her curiously, but she heeds them not and pursues her way, scrutinising every artist as she passes.

The scrutiny is evidently unsatisfactory, for a more weary, pained look comes into her face, and she seats herself listlessly upon a seat, placing beside her the heavy baby she carries.

The woman is Muriel. She has been released from actual custody, but she knows well she is under police supervision. However, she cares but little for it. She is now especially anxious to redeem her promise to Clement Woodleigh, and to give into his hands the Lady Isola Marbourn.

For she has come to know for certain that the Lady Isola is in Paris; but watched and guarded so that she finds it impossible to convey a message to her.

Moreover, Muriel does not know where Clement Woodleigh is staying, and knowing herself to be an object of suspicion, she fears to make inquiries, for fear of being again arrested and subjected to awkward questions.

Moneyless and friendless, Muriel has been obliged to sell the golden crown which she had worn as "The Gipsy Queen of Song." True, the value was not much, and such as it was, the cunning old Jew to whom she had sold it had quite under-valued it, and had given her such a sum for it as was barely sufficient to support her and her child for the couple of days that had elapsed.

She has two or three francs in her pocket, and the mother's heart sinks within her as she

looks the stern truth in the face, that as soon as they are expended, her babe must suffer for want of bread.

Animated by a last faint hope that she might chance to meet him, Muriel has frequented all public places in hope of seeing Clement Woodleigh.

Every picture gallery and sculpture hall has she explored earnestly—so earnestly scrutinising the faces of the copyists, that more than one romantic youth has privately erected her to the dignity of "a woman with a history."

For her pale, exquisite, wistful face cannot pass unnoticed. Her rich, fair, golden hair is wound in heavy coils around her small, classic head, and waves away from her broad, low, Clytie brow.

The slight but rounded figure shows to the best advantage in the coquettish laced velvet bodice, and the short crimson petticoat displays a foot and ankle that might have served Praxiteles for a model. Her eyes have been wandering vacantly over the faces of the passers-by; and suddenly she fixes them upon Ernest Maybrick.

Presently the painter looks up and meets the gaze of those glorious eyes.

Again and again he feels his glance irresistibly drawn towards her. A slight flush overspreads her pearl-white cheek, and she soon rises and walks away; but not before Ernest Maybrick has taken a surreptitious and faithful sketch of her face and her figure.

"I am almost sure he is an Englishman," says Muriel to herself, as she descends the stairs, and saunters through the sculpture gallery, until she comes to the space with the red-covered seats, in the court sacred to the Venus of Milo; "and perhaps he is from London; if so, he might know Mr. Woodleigh, and might be able to put me in the way of him."

But, anxious though she is to redeem her promise, yet Muriel hesitates to address this man, who is a stranger to her, chiefly because of the admiring glances which she could not avoid seeing he had cast upon her.

Undoubtedly Muriel's beauty has made no ordinary impression upon the artistic mind of Ernest Maybrick. Hastily putting a few finishing touches to his sketch, he puts the materials in his pocket and walks in the direction taken by the beautiful unknown.

He is rewarded for his pertinacity. Drawn thither by the ever-attractive contours and graces of Milo's immortal masterpiece, he enters the little court and sees the not less beautiful and marble-hued face of Muriel standing out in relief from the crimson background.

The rush of colour to her face plainly shows to Ernest Maybrick that she recognises having seen him before. He walks round the figure, and when he next comes within sight of the bench where she had been seated—lo! the woman and her child have vanished.

Through the myriad windings of the galleries and sculpture halls Ernest Maybrick swiftly threads his way in pursuit of the fair and fascinating insignificants, but without success.

"Just my usual luck," he soliloquises, as he walks along the boulevards. "I am neither a rich man nor a famous one, but I'd give up the chances of getting my next picture well hung before the line at the Academy next year for the sake of becoming acquainted with the woman of that face. She's not one of your common women either; no forwardness about her, for she bolted as soon as she discovered I was looking at her so intently. Of course that might be a dodge," he pursues, with somewhat of a dismayed feeling, "to get me to follow her; but I don't think it was so. I wonder she is married. I presume so, because of the baby. At all events I should like to paint her face; and what is more, I will too."

Arrived at his hotel, Ernest Maybrick finds a note from Clement Woodleigh, in which he says he intends staying a few days longer in Paris, and invites his friend to dine with him the next day.

"There's something extraordinary the matter with the usually equable Woodleigh," says Ernest Maybrick to himself, as he reads the note. "It's my opinion he is bewitched about this mysterious Lady Isola Marbourne. Well, the wisest man amongst us is likely to become an idiot where a woman is concerned."

#### CHAPTER XLI.

Our souls sit close and silently within,  
And their own web from their own entrails spin;  
And when eyes meet far off the sense is such  
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

OTWAY.

SUCH are Ernest Maybrick's reflections, and albeit no philosopher, perhaps he comes nearer to the truth than he himself fancies.

This unknown woman's beautiful face has completely fascinated his artistic soul. He goes to the theatre in the evening, but neither the play nor the acting possesses any attraction for him.

Above and beyond everything else, there rises the pure, pale face; the golden-wreathed classic head, the glorious deep-blue eyes, and the slender, finely-moulded bust of the woman he saw beneath the Rubens pictures in the Louvre.

Perhaps it was the contrast of her pale, pure spiritual-looking beauty, and the solid-looking charms of the Flemish painter's women, that so impressed him. He did not stop to analyse why he thought so much about the fair unknown! he only knew that he had seen a face which has imprinted upon the volume of his life for ever and eye.

He looks at his sketch of the unknown woman the next morning, and Ernest Maybrick brings before his mental vision the whole scene: the woman with her golden hair, pale, pure face; laced black velvet bodice and crimson petticoat.

Fearful lest one jot or tittle of the vision should fade from his mind, he hastily seizes his paint-box and palette and dashes off a masterly water-colour, in which is faithfully reproduced the face of Muriel.

"She has a face like a peoni," he says, looking musingly at the sketch to which he gives a few touches here and there. "Heigho! she came like a fairy vision into my life, just flitted across my path! I doubt if I shall ever see her again! At all events, be she wife, or maiden or widow, she could not feel insulted by the feeling with which I regard her. She looks too pure for anyone to harbour a base thought towards her! Pure as a lily she looks," he continues, as he lights a cigar, and, putting his hands in his pockets, leans against the mantelpiece and contemplates his handiwork. "And that just reminds me!" he exclaims half aloud and more energetically, "I'll call the sketch 'The Lily of the Valley!'"

In the evening he dines with Clement Woodleigh.

The latter is somewhat silent and abstracted, and Ernest Maybrick rallies him upon it.

"You cannot expect everyone to be in your wild state of spirits," says Clement Woodleigh with a smile, as he listens to the gay rattle of his friend, and looks at his handsome, merry, joyous face.

"I don't know that I am in especially wild spirits," responds Ernest Maybrick, who is deeply engaged in the discussion of some marvellous achievement of French cookery.

"I think you are," is the quiet reply; "have you suddenly come in for a legacy; or have you secured the goodwill of the 'Committee' by next 'hanging' day?"

"No such good luck in either particular," he exclaims with a rueful air. "No, Fame has hitherto proved an exceedingly coy dame as far as I am concerned and has sternly refused to hearken to my blandishments."

"Then what's the matter?" persists Clement Woodleigh, "for I'm certain there's some cause for this unusual access of high spirits."

But even to Clement Woodleigh he cannot tell of the foolish, romantic fancy he has conceived for this unknown woman. Somehow or other he feels she is too pure, too sacred, to jest about, and although he knows Clement Woodleigh to be an honourable man—a man with chivalrous respect for good women—yet he cannot bring himself to speak indifferently of this woman with the lily face. So he merely replies, gaily, in answer to Clement Woodleigh's badinage:

"Oh, I suppose it is this clear Paris air which makes me feel exhilarated; it gets into one's brain like champagne."

And thus it comes to pass that Clement Woodleigh does not hear anything of the fair unknown who has fascinated his friend. And as he sits and exchanges gay chat with Ernest Maybrick, all the while Clement Woodleigh is inwardly anathematising Muriel for having failed in her promise towards him.

Clement Woodleigh is pondering over whether or not, as Muriel has broken her promise to him, he is justified in breaking his promise to her. All day he has been pondering deeply over this matter, and he has at length very nearly come to the conclusion that he is perfectly at liberty to do so.

He would like to speak to Ernest Maybrick about it, and to ask his advice, but there is a certain joyousness in the young man's manner that makes Clement Woodleigh shrink from intruding graver subjects upon him.

"When do you return to London?" suddenly inquires Ernest Maybrick, as they stroll round by the Opera House, and watch the gay throng of opera-goers descending from the long line of carriages beneath the covered way.

"I have not yet quite decided," is the reply, "but most probably in a few days. Perhaps sooner. Perhaps not quite so soon."

"That is leaving yourself a good margin, at all events," laughs Ernest Maybrick. "By Jove! what a pretty woman!" he exclaims, as a lady descends from a brougham; "and good-looking women are at a premium here."

"Right," says Clement Woodleigh. "When you see a good-looking woman in Paris you may be pretty well sure that she is either English or some nationality other than Parisian."

Again it occurs to Ernest Maybrick to tell of

the beautiful woman he saw the day before in the Louvre, and whose portrait he has drawn. But some feeling urges him to repress the impulse to do so, and the friends walk on, spend the evening in watching a stupid play for which neither cares, and presently separate, and wend their ways towards their respective hotels.

"Letters, Monsieur!" says the obsequious concierge, as Clement Woodleigh enters the hall.

There is just one letter and a telegram. The former he sees at a glance is from Tom Bowden, but as the telegram is obviously the more momentous document of the two, he hastily tears it open.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

Our death is but a sleep and a forgetting  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.

WORDSWORTH.

CLEMENT WOODLEIGH, although a thorough man of the world, is one of those unhappily nervous individuals to whom the very sight of a telegram gives a decided feeling of perturbation.

He has no near relatives; no bosom friend, for he is not of an impulsive, gushing nature, no especially disagreeable ones, therefore, it is with a feeling of curiosity and impatience that he tears open the envelope.

A sudden thought flashes across his mind that the telegram may be from the Countess of Brakenholme, but the next moment, as he stands beneath the gaslight and peruses the flimsy document, he sees that it is from Tom Bowden, and is couched in the following words:

"Come home at once. Miss Pierce is dangerously ill, and wishes to see you. The doctors give no hope of her recovery. Do not delay. Telegraph back immediately."

It is but the work of a few moments for Clement Woodleigh to find out all particulars respecting the early trains in the morning, and leaving instructions to be called in time for the Calais train, he takes Tom Bowden's letter to his own room.

It is rather diffuse, and gives an account more particularly about Rupert Marbourne's death. To tell the truth, Clement Woodleigh does not feel especially interested in the news it contains, and reads on absently until he comes to the following paragraph:

"Miss Pierce seems in a strange state ever since her brother's death. My wife tells me that she has been raving at night and talking in her sleep, and continually calling upon the names of 'Jasper' and 'Muriel.' She evidently has something upon her mind, and the doctor who saw her to-day looked very grave about her. However, if there be any change for the worse, I shall telegraph to you. She has several times expressed a desire to see you, but as this may merely be one of the fancies of an invalid, I do not think you need heed it, although at the same time I think it right to tell you of it."

The date of the letter is three days previous, and from the general tenor of it, Clement Woodleigh, who knows Tom Bowden to be no alarmist, recognises how very ill Isola Marbourne must be, and how very rapidly worse she must have become.

"Muriel!" he thinks. "What can she have to say about Muriel?"

He feels angry with, and disappointed in the latter, and, at the same time, is half inclined to pity her, for he sometimes thinks circumstances may have combined to have hindered her from keeping her appointment and her promise.

For Clement Woodleigh is a just man; he gives Muriel the benefit of any extenuating circumstances he can, but secretly, almost unknown to himself, he is inclined to think that so clever and determined a spirit as hers seemed to be, could get over difficulties which would have daunted another.

These things pass through his brain as he is whirled rapidly towards Calais. The time flies quickly, and presently he is on board, where he paces up and down the deck until the white cliffs of Dover loom in view.



Arrived in London, he does not go to his own studio, but drives straight off to the suburb where Tom Bowden lives.

"I am glad you have come, Clement," says Mrs. Bowden, with a very grave face. "Poor Miss Pierce is very low this evening, and as she seems to have something on her mind, the doctor has been anxious for her to see you as soon as possible."

"Is she so very near the end?" he inquires.

"I fear so."

"Does she suffer much?"

"No, not much, if any, physical pain. But she has been continually calling for you, and mentioning some names that sound like 'Jasper' and 'Muriel.'"

"Yes, so I have heard; Tom told me so in his letter."

Mrs. Bowden leads the way to the bedroom where lies the dying woman, her eyes closed, and her long thin hands clasped upon her bosom. Clement Woodleigh gives a start as he looks at her, for the eyes and mouth are so sunken, and the rest of the face looks so livid, that in the dim light of the shaded lamp he almost fancies he looks upon the face of a corpse.

"Has he come?" asks Isola, feebly, opening her dulled and now fast-glazing eyes.

Each time anyone has entered the room she has made the same request, so that she has almost come to repeat the question mechanically, and upon Mrs. Bowden replying in the affirmative, she says in an almost incredulous tone:

"Come; he has come, you say? Let me see him."

She tries to raise herself in the bed, but Clement Woodleigh comes forward and says:

"Here I am. I came as soon as I heard you were so very ill, and expressed a wish to see me."

Her face works convulsively for a minute, and her emotion hinders her from speaking.

"You have heaped coals of fire upon my head," she says, brokenly; "your kindness has won me over to your side far more than harshness could ever have done."

"We need not speak of that now," he says, gently, and really affected at having thus softened the harsh nature of this strange being. "I hear you wanted to see me, that you had something very particular to say to me. I think it will be just as well for you to tell me at once."

"You mean to say I have not long to live?" she exclaims, questioning, and with some of her old manner, and with an amount of energy Clement Woodleigh scarcely considered her capable of.

"These things are in wiser hands than ours, Miss Pierce," interposes Mrs. Bowden. "I will now leave you with Mr. Woodleigh, as you may wish to be alone with him."

No sooner has she closed the door than Isola Marbourne puts her hand beneath her pillow, and takes therefrom a small square packet wrapped up in a piece of soiled and faded silk.

"Before I tell you anything," she says, weakly and hurriedly, "let me give you this. In it you will find the corroboration of everything I am about to tell you. Put it up safely, and use your own discretion about allowing anyone to see it."

Clement Woodleigh puts the odd-looking little packet in his pocket, and in more amazement than that in which Isola Marbourne had listened to the confession of her brother, he sits and listens to the dying words of his sister.

(To be Continued.)

## THE AUCTION FLAG.

A red flag at the door. We pass it by with the thought that there may be bargains there. Perhaps if we have time we look in. The auctioneer is giving utterance to wild shrieks of "going! going! gone!" and a number of sharp

looking dealers are bidding against each other. Carpets are up, pictures down. The tea things are grouped upon the table where the mantel ornaments look down on them in scorn. Stout housekeepers are examining the joints of the extension-table and the lace of the curtains, and nobody notices the pale woman in black or the sad-looking man with his hat over his eyes, who steal about from room to room waiting dully for the end.

An auction is a sort of joke to most people, except dealers, who regard it as a field of battle; and few pause to think that it is very often a tragedy to somebody—perhaps to a man who has laboured to gather together possessions which Fate is dispersing to the ends of the earth, and who stands penniless and hopeless in his middle age; or a widow to whom this auction is the end of a long period of wedded happiness. Here is the saddest lot, for the man, if energy is left him, may begin to rebuild his fortune; but she, as she paces the empty and dismantled house after the auctioneer and his men have followed the crowd away, remembers so much:

The day her husband brought her here from some humbler home where they began life together; the pride she had in it, the pleasure; this he bought because she liked it; that, when the baby came; this, on her birthday. His gifts to her are everywhere. This is his great chair, and that her little rocker, where she sat sewing while he read to her. Old associations cling about everything. The man may value his losses in the bulk; the woman has a pang for every individual object. It is not the money they are worth so much as what they mean to her.

It is her home that is going. Her home! They were so happy, so blest, until suddenly the trouble came, the chair was empty. No one came home at eventide with a kiss of welcome, but in the room yonder stood a coffin. She could not understand—she could not believe it all; and the end of it seems to be this auction.

"Going, going, gone!" Ah! all is going, all has gone, that made life sweet to her. Then she drops her black veil over her face and goes her way.

It is of more than mere things of wood and cloth, and bronze and lace, that the auctioneer repeats his cry—"Going! going! gone!" at most auctions.

M. K. D.

## HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

## LOVE AND TREACHERY.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

Mrs. FAIRFAX had kept Cyril informed of whatever related to the business that had taken him to London, together with that which most nearly touched himself. A letter now received announced his marriage, intelligence welcome to Cyril, but astonishing to Mrs. Page, entirely unprepared for it.

The letter further directed Cyril to join Mr. Fairfax without delay, and this, recalling Mrs. Page from her previsions of the domination of a young wife, and the overthrow of her own safer rule, she gave her attention to the necessary preparations. But there was something in Cyril's manner that she could not explain, which, together with certain other things she had remarked of late, disturbed her.

It was late in the evening when they arrived. Ernest received him with open arms, and saw, in the unusual emotion with which Cyril met him, only the natural expression of his sympathy. His father, he said, was not at home, and might be absent a week longer—a circumstance that Cyril heard with a sense of relief.

Mr. Fairfax having left the young men to

themselves, they had much of mutual interest to occupy them.

At length, with an expression of regret at the absence of his father, Ernest added:

"He was called away by the affairs of that wretched man, Vivian, who was a connection of his."

Cyril started, but did not speak, and Ernest proceeded:

"The catastrophe happened, I think, in your neighbourhood."

"Yes."

This was a subject Cyril could not talk of, and both again were silent.

Suddenly Ernest exclaimed:

"You have no idea how Jessie has improved since you saw her, in face, person, manner, mind. Then she was a charming girl—now she is a bewitching woman. With all your philosophy about her, which even then I wondered at, you must admire her now."

Cyril did not feel called upon to say how recently he had seen her, or how entirely he agreed with his friend.

"You mistake me," he replied, quietly; "I always did her justice, I think."

"Justice! Pshaw! What a word to apply to Jessie Farleigh. So you really brought her up before the inexorable bench of your discriminating mind, tried and found her worthy of approval. You 'second Daniel come to judgment.' Why, Cyril, like the knights of old that you and I used to rant about, I shall be compelled to defy you to mortal combat if you do not acknowledge her peerless charms in warmer terms."

"And by the same right?" inquired Cyril, smiling.

Ernest's heightened colour betrayed more than his words.

"No," he replied; "no, not her avowed champion and adorer."

"Her silent one?" asked Cyril, rather uneasily. It was a topic on which he could not well hanker.

Ernest hesitated, became embarrassed, and then exclaimed, with vehemence:

"Why should I deny it? With you, at least, I need have no concealments. Yes, Cyril, I do love her—truly, ardently. She charmed me while still a boy; you will, perhaps, say I am little more now. But, Cyril, I have grown old fast. My late experience has matured me. I see her now with the eyes of a man—of one who knows his own wants—and find in her gentle sympathy, her ready comprehension of me, her sweet unselfish cares for my happiness, the evidence of a character even more beautiful than the outward form in which it is presented. I love, not like a boy, dazzled and intoxicated, but with an appreciation of her so founded that it will last for ever!"

"And she?" Cyril presently ventured to inquire.

"I see, Cyril," replied Ernest, "that, with your cool way of looking at things, you regard me only as an excitable youth whose feelings are unreliable. I do not resent this. Time shall justify me. For the same reason you will distrust my impressions of her. I will only say, therefore, that if Jessie Farleigh is no coquette, which you must know it is not in her nature to be, I have no reason to despair. Not that I am such a puppy as to insinuate a single word or look that could compromise her delicacy. My hope is founded solely on the conviction that, though I have not spoken, she must understand me, and that so doing, she continues the same."

"And—why—not speak?" faltered out Cyril, feeling that any certainty were better than this suspense.

"Ah, Cyril, there is my trouble. From my father I apprehend no opposition; but—to you I will admit what I do not allow to others—what I try to conceal from myself."

Ernest paused—was moved—then, recovering himself, he said:

"Do you believe in presentiments?"

Cyril was not exactly in that frame of mind best fitted to answer such a question.

He only replied:

"No one, I believe, is always proof against them."

"I, at least," continued Ernest, "am not. I believe, I should rather say, I fear, I shall die early—perhaps soon. I thought myself well. I have had some intimations of late that suggest the contrary, and confirm an impression I have long had, but which never till now afflicted me. At present, therefore, I deliberately avoid an explanation that might only commit her to greater suffering. Will you not now believe in me, Cyril, when you see I am not incapable of self-control?"

"But do you equally avoid," asked Cyril, evading the question, "do you equally avoid securing an interest that must lead to the same consequences?"

"I am not sure. We will go there together to-morrow, and you shall see yourself how wise and resolute I can be."

Cyril could not trust himself with more than a silent assent, and Ernest paused for some moments; then, with much feeling, but with his usual manly frankness, said:

"I am disappointed, Cyril. I expected from you a sympathy more demonstrative."

"Ernest," said he, in a tone so earnest and affectionate, that it could not but bring conviction, "never has my interest in you been so strong as at this moment. I believe in your love; I respect your self-control, and I pray Heaven that your impressions of your health may be mistaken. But let us talk no farther at present. It is best. Good-night. We will do to-morrow whatever you choose."

He retired, but it was only to give vent to feelings he had with such difficulty suppressed. What they were, may be supposed easily divined by one as much in his confidence as the reader presumes himself to be.

The next day they drove to the Elms. They were shown into the dining-room, where Cyril was presented to Mrs. Fairfax and her father, and received very civilly by Mr. and Mrs. Farleigh.

A servant was sent to inform Miss Jessie, but she already knew whom she was to see. Her quick eye had caught a glimpse of Cyril as he alighted from the carriage. She was as quickly reminded of the self-condemnation their last interview had caused her, and of the resolution she had then formed.

To these was added the reflection that she was now to meet him in the presence of others; and she was seized with a nervous tremor lest she might betray what her present nicer sense of propriety taught her should never have escaped her own breast.

Under this apprehension she entered the room. The consciousness of constraint increased it. For relief she addressed Ernest, and the warmth she had not dared to manifest to Cyril spent itself on him. Denying a healthful draught to the one, she unwittingly gave poison to the other.

Mr. Fairfax observed the difference.

"Poor Cyril," thought he, as he turned an inquiring look at Jessie.

She perceived it. The fear of being watched took possession of her. She became more conscious, and, of course, more cold.

Cyril could not but feel it; but, though perplexed, he was still incredulous as to a real change. Retreating from Jessie, he advanced toward Mrs. Fairfax; and they were mutually so well pleased, that Jessie, having no farther opportunity to address him, permitted herself to be engrossed by Ernest.

Endurance, however perfect, has, like all things, its limits; and, on the entrance of other company, Cyril drew Ernest away.

Thus passed a week. One evening, the weather proving unfit for Ernest to go, as he had purposed, to the Elms, in the hope of at least hearing from there, he persuaded Cyril to do so. He found the family, as usual, together, Mrs. Farleigh and Jessie at work. The conversation for a while was general; and, though Jessie took little part in it, she seemed more at ease than usual. At length Cyril approached the table at which she sat.

"As industrious as ever!" said he.

She looked up; the light fell full on her face, but a smile even brighter overspread it.

"Oh, no. I accomplish nothing. I am a lazy girl now."

"Can that mean," thought Cyril, "that the heart is too busy to let head or hands work?"

"Some people can afford to be idle," said he.

"The bee is so in winter, you know."

"Yes; but I have gathered no honey, I fear."

"None, perhaps, that you will exhibit; for, like the bees, you do not fancy a glass hive."

A pleasant reply was on her lip, but her father approached, and it was checked.

"What is this I hear?" asked he. "Is young Pelham going to Madeira this autumn?"

"He thinks of it, sir," replied Cyril.

"But not for his health, surely! he looks better than he did."

"Tis, I hope, rather a measure of precaution than necessity. His father has always had a dread of our winters for him."

"Does his father go with him?"

"No, sir; I shall do so."

"Indeed. That may be for your advantage. I am glad to hear it. When do you go?"

"We shall leave here as soon as Mr. Pelham returns, on a preliminary excursion, which will occupy some weeks; after which we shall proceed to Madeira."

Jessie had not spoken, and Cyril had avoided to look at her. Now a movement of her chair compelled him to do so. Her smile was gone. A troubled expression replaced it, and, in a hurried manner, she gathered her work as if to change her seat.

"Can I assist you?" he asked.

Without answering, she hastened toward the door, left the room, and did not return.

Mr. Farleigh took the seat she had left, and Cyril was condemned, while thinking of anything else, to listen to details and questions as to the climate and condition of Madeira, the opportunities he might find there of advancing his own interests, how he would like such a residence, and the offer of letters to two or three acquaintances Mr. Farleigh happened to have there; all of which, however well meant, were at this moment as unwelcome as unnecessary; and, as soon as he could escape, he took his leave.

Arrived at home, another trial awaited him. Ernest insisted on knowing how Jessie looked, how she was dressed, how occupied; if she were in spirits; if she spoke of him?

Cyril submitted to the questions manfully. He even did more. He magnanimously and unflinchingly related the effect produced on her by the announcement of his approaching departure. He did well. It was not more delightful to Ernest than a wholesome, because indurating process to himself.

Jessie, meanwhile, was little to be envied. She had acted impulsively, and, as was often her experience, now regretted it.

Cyril, occupied with studying her, had been unaware of the change in his own manner, scarcely to be avoided under the circumstances.

Each had thus unconsciously distressed and repelled the other, and were equally seeking an explanation of what was only in themselves.

"And now he is going!" exclaimed Jessie, as she sat leaning her throbbing head on her hands; "to be gone for months, and then, of course, not to return here. I may not see him, heaven only knows when. He goes, too, without a single word of interest in me since we met. Not love; that I know he would not speak, even if he felt it. But, surely, we may be friends, if no more. No, even this is past. I see it, I cannot explain it, but I feel it. Perhaps I ought to have stayed; he might have had something now to say to me. He may have come on purpose; foolish girl! and yet, at this moment, I ran away. I will go down; I will sit by him; will talk to him as I used to do; will even say, 'What is this dreadful blank that has come between us?' and starting up, she rushed to the parlour. She was too late. Cyril had gone.

The next morning Cyril had business in the city, but Ernest declined accompanying him, reserving himself for a drive to the Elms in the afternoon. Taking a book from the library, he retired to his own room communicating with it, and threw himself on a couch, not so much to read as to muse.

Hope gilded his future in her brightest dyes. His book lay unopened by his side, while his own face presented a page that would have repaid the perusal. His kindling eye, his excited colour, alas! too high, and the smile that played about his mouth betrayed the premise that his heart whispered.

The door into the library was open. A footstep was heard in the hall, and a voice he did not know inquired of the servant in attendance if Mr. Pelham were at home.

"No, sir."

"Is he in town?"

"No, sir. He has been absent some time."

"When will he return?"

"Perhaps not for several days, sir."

There was a pause, apparently hesitation and disappointment, which the servant perceiving, said:

"His son is at home, sir."

"His son, indeed! I will see him, then."

Ernest rose and went into the room, where he saw a middle-aged gentleman, of a grave, rather cold, business-like appearance, who announced himself as Mr. Mason.

Ernest bowed, and begged him to be seated. The name was new to him.

"Mr. Pelham's son, I presume?"

Ernest returned an affirmative bow.

"His only son?"

Again Ernest bowed.

"There were others, I think."

"Yes."

"But none of them are living?"

"No, sir," said Ernest, rather annoyed by such inquiries from a stranger.

"I am sorry not to see your father at once," continued Mr. Mason, "as I wished without delay to put into his own hand this packet, containing papers of importance. But the next best thing is to place it in your custody, whose interest in them is not less than his own," and he laid it on the library table, by his side.

"I will see that my father has it as soon as he arrives."

The gentleman then rose to depart. Ernest repeated his invitation to rest himself, but he declined.

"Before I go, however," said he, "I may, I hope, be permitted to express my satisfaction at seeing you here, young gentleman, in your proper place."

"Here," thought Ernest; "where else could I be?"

"A fact," continued Mr. Mason, "that I shall have great pleasure in communicating to my respected client, to whom I shall write to-day."

Ernest stared.

"The man is under some gross mistake," thought he.

"You look surprised," said the gentleman, and well may be, that a stranger should be aware of what, I presume, has been but lately made known to yourself. But the confidential relation in which my respected client—your honoured mother, sir, as you must understand—has thought proper to place me, has necessarily put me in possession of many private and family matters."

"The man is mad!" thought Ernest, listening in silence, and with a look of extreme perplexity, which induced Mr. Mason to repeat his inquiries.

"You are Mr. Pelham's only son? I think you said so."

"Yes, sir."

"The others are dead? I understood you so to say."

Ernest again assented.

"Not that, if living, it would be material," he continued, with the same cross-examining air, "but it would be disagreeable of course—"

"Sir," interrupted Ernest, indignantly.



But, not heeding, the gentleman proceeded. "Yes; I am right. His only son, heretofore known as Cyril Ashleigh—his only child by his only wedded wife—residing in Wales; the rights of which child I am sent over to make known, and, if necessary, to enforce; but which rights, I am happy to observe, have been acknowledged without my interference."

This, like what had preceded, would have been regarded as some unaccountable mistake, or the ravings of a disordered mind; but that, as Ernest had grown older, his father's peculiarities had occasioned him much painful perplexity—his strange paroxysms of unexplained distress, and the mystery that rested on his early life. Habitual respect for him had rejected the idea of crime or disgrace, but a vague fear had haunted him of some youthful wrong-doing, the remembrance of which had, perhaps by a morbid exaggeration, been a spectre in his path through life.

These words, therefore, fearful and incomprehensible, were received as a revelation, and struck on a chord the vibrations of which were too much for his sensitive nature.

Turning deadly pale, his hand pressed to his breast as if in acute pain, he staggered, and would have fallen, had not Mr. Mason, extending his arms, caught him. His cry of alarm brought in a servant from the hall, and together they succeeded in laying him on the couch in his own room.

Supposing him to be faint, the servant hastened for a restorative, and Mr. Mason looked with consternation on the mischief which, he knew not why, he seemed to have caused. A moment passed, and a glass was offered to Ernest.

Without opening his eyes, with a feeble motion of the hand he repulsed it; and they saw with dismay that blood was issuing from his mouth.

"A physician!" exclaimed Mr. Mason; "lose no time!"

The man, in obeying the injunction, encountered Cyril entering. One glance revealed the condition of his friend. Ordering the servant to remain, he rushed from the house. The carriage of the family physician stood at a door in the neighbourhood.

He flew rather than ran; entered and found him just departing. Few words were necessary, and they were at Mr. Pelham's with the speed which, unhappily, the case required.

Whatever skill and experience suggested to a judicious man, well understanding the constitution of his patient, was at once resorted to, with an injunction to silence and tranquility, and no attendance but that strictly necessary. Ernest spoke not.

His eyes remained closed, and only by an occasional movement of hand he indicated a want or rejected an offer.

"He is very right," whispered the doctor. "The less he hears, sees, or speaks, the better. His pulse betrays much disturbance of the system."

Alas! They did not understand that in the miserable conflict within, he instinctively excluded every sight and sound.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mason, still under his original mistake, with many expressions of regret, the more hearty as he believed that the calamity nearly touched his "honoured client," took his leave; and the doctor, having at length succeeded in checking the hemorrhage, left Ernest in the care of Cyril and the faithful Smart.

The night had fallen, and so profound was the stillness that the faintest sound might have been detected. Cyril heard only the ticking of his watch, and the breathing from the sick-bed, at first quick, but by degrees indicating the better rest of the sleeper.

"Thank Heaven!" he ejaculated, with a sense of infinite relief.

An hour or more passed, and carriage-wheels were heard. They approached the house. They stopped at the door; it opened. Someone entered, met by others cautiously approaching from within. Then suppressed voices were heard. Then low sounds of distress came from the library.

Cyril, afraid to stir, did not attempt to close the door of Ernest's room, till the sounds becoming more audible, he ventured to move towards it. In doing so he was shocked to perceive Mr. Pelham extended on the sofa, his face covered with his hands. Mr. Fairfax stood near him. Cyril remained immovable. Mr. Fairfax turned, saw, and beckoned to him. Cyril advanced.

"Speak!" said Mr. Fairfax, in a low but decided tone. "'Tis the best moment. One strong emotion will control another."

Cyril obeyed. Approaching the sofa, he knelt and in a tender voice uttered one word:

"Father!"

"It was enough. Mr. Pelham turned on Cyril a startled and agitated look, but unattended by any violent demonstration. On the contrary, putting his arm gently around him, he said, with an emphasis that went to his heart, but in a low and broken voice:

"My noble son!"

(To be Continued.)

## THE BARONESS OF THE ISLES.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE sudden appearance of King Reginald at that untimely hour in the vicinity of the Lady Matilda's chamber, filled both the knight Ivar and the maiden with an overwhelming consternation. The Lady Matilda and her venerable aunt retired precipitately within their apartment and closed the door. Ivar, in his disguise as a member of the castle-guard, retained all his boldness and presence of mind, and quietly advanced, with due obeisance, to meet the monarch.

The cap which Ivar had appropriated possessed a deep visor which came down to his eyes. The collar of the great-coat came nearly to his ears, and its skirt descended to his knees. A costume better adapted to purposes of disguise than this ordinary uniform of the house-guards at Castle Ruaben has scarcely ever been devised. Under its cumbersome folds, and plaits, and high collar, and overhanging visor, one would not have suspected the identity of the handsome, active young knight Ivar.

Certainly the king did not suspect the metamorphosis which those garments so effectually concealed. He had seen the open door of Matilda's chamber, and had seen her in converse with the supposed guard, and inflamed with rage at the sight, and suspecting that the maiden was conspiring with the guard to effect her escape from the castle, he hurried forward with increased speed, his attendant bearing a light, and keeping close upon his heels.

"What does this mean, sirrah?" demanded the monarch, as Ivar bowed low before him, the fitful glare falling upon the knight's garment's, and leaving his face in shadow. "Why do you converse with the Lady Matilda at this unseemly hour?"

"The Lady was wakeful, your majesty," replied Ivar, in tones that were huskier than was natural to him. "She has walked her chamber this long time. She desired to speak to me—"

"Did she talk of escape? Did she offer you a bribe to help her to go free?"

"No, your majesty. She did but speak to me—scarce more—when your majesty appeared."

The king appeared unsatisfied, but Ivar's stolid attitude, so in keeping with his attire, went far to convince him of the knight's sincerity.

"It must be true," Reginald said. "What could the maiden have to say to such as thou, except to offer bribes for her release? The gold that she should give thee, varlet, for such

purpose should be a weight to sink thee down to death. Unfaithfulness or treachery to the king shall be punished with death. Remember that."

Ivar bowed low in assent.

"And now tell me," said the king, "how does the maiden seem? Does she appear of good courage? Or is she in low spirits, and wakeful through her terrors?"

"The Lady Matilda has a high courage," answered Ivar. "She made no complaints to me."

"It is well. She has a high destiny in store. She must soon begin to appreciate it," said the monarch, more to himself than to the supposed guard. "I am wakeful to-night—strangely wakeful. Old memories throng upon my mind and disturb me. I thought to arouse the maiden and speak to her of my love and power, and forget my thoughts in converse with her, but I will not intrude upon her. There will be time enough to woo her during seemly hours, and it would be well not to irritate my people by any want of respect to the daughter of Godred."

All this was said in self-reasoning, rather than to the supposed minion, and Ivar, therefore, made no response to it.

The monarch motioned his attendant to fall back out of hearing. The servant retreated several paces bearing the light with him. The lantern emitted but a dim radiance, and the king and the disguised knight were both beyond its brief limits. Reginald drew closer to Ivar, and spoke in confidential tone.

"You members of the house-guards have all been chosen for your devotion to the person of your king," said the monarch. "I can trust you, one and all, with my life. You are faithful fellows, who have been well proven, and I can speak to you more confidentially than to the soldiers, or to the common people. It is you, as well as my courtiers, who feel for me the public pulse. Now, tell me, guard, is it well known already that I have banished the young knight Ivar?"

"It is known throughout the court, your majesty, and to the guards and people hereabouts. Such news spreads rapidly."

"And what do people say? What do they think of Ivar's banishment?" asked the king, eagerly.

"They think," said Ivar, with unconscious sternness, "that your majesty hath fixed your desires upon the Lady Matilda, and that you have banished Ivar that the field may be clear for your pursuit of her."

"And that is all they say?"

"Yes, your majesty, but that is much."

The king drew a long breath of relief. He had feared lest his suspicions in regard to Ivar's origin might have been shared by someone of his subjects. It was this fear that had held him sleepless throughout the night, and it was to divert himself from the terrors his own mind conjured up that he had desired to visit Matilda and to urge upon her—at such strange hour of the night—his suit.

"You are quite sure, guard, that no one says aught else in regard to Ivar's cause of exile?" asked Reginald.

"Quite sure, your majesty," replied Ivar, wonderingly.

"It is well. And now be watchful, guard, lest the Lady Matilda escape," said the king.

"If she escapes while you are guard your life shall pay the forfeit."

With this injunction, the king motioned to his attendant and departed, with slow and reluctant steps, as if even yet he were half inclined to visit his fair guest.

Ivar looked after him with a strange and lingering gaze.

Reginald returned to his own private apartments in the farthest portion of the castle, and entered again into his bed-chamber.

"To sleep," he muttered, "and to dream of Harold! Strange how the image of my brother haunts me to-night. Ivar has Harold's features. I wonder that Magnus did not notice the singular resemblance. I have banished Ivar none too soon. If he be whom I fear, and if he

were once to meet the Lady Etheldreda, the Baroness of the Isles, then farewell to all my greatness and my power! I should have killed, not exiled him. While he lives I shall be in continual terror of his return. My fears make of him a veritable monster who may destroy me. To-morrow I will make public proclamation that he is a traitor to his king and country, and I will set a price upon his head, if so be that he return secretly from exile."

With this determination the king lay down upon his couch, but could not close his eyes in slumber. He was haunted by strange apprehensions that goaded him into constant wakefulness.

The new passion of love freshly awakened within him asserted itself with fierce power, and added to his great unrest.

While he thus tossed upon his pillows, the knight Ivar was again in communication with the Lady Matilda.

As soon as King Reginald had retired, and his footsteps had ceased echoing through the corridors, the young knight approached Matilda's door and knocked again upon it.

And again it opened softly, and the maiden and the venerable Lady Godiva appeared upon the threshold.

"The king is gone!" said Ivar. "He took me for the guard, who is helpless in yonder room!"

"If he had discovered you he would have given you over to the executioner," cried Matilda, with a shudder. "Your life is not safe here in Man. What shall you do, Ivar?"

"I am exiled," said the knight, "and my presence here is fraught with the gravest of peril. Yet I cannot abandon you and my country, Matilda. If I go from Man you must go with me as my wife. Can you abandon your home for one who has suffered open humiliation at court, whose very origin is unknown?"

"Who, single-handed and alone, conquered in the tournament a half-score of noble knights," interrupted Matilda; "who won his spurs by deeds of valour, whose very name throughout our island is a synonym for courage, coolness, and undaunted bravery? Ivar, do not talk to me of humiliations and of obscure origin. Why, nature stamped upon your face the signs of noble birth and honourable descent."

"And you would leave Man with me for King Henry's court, Matilda?"

The maiden answered with assent, half-smiling, half-earnest, while the blushes revelled in her cheeks.

"I have been young myself," said the Lady Godiva, "and I can feel with Matilda still. She has chosen nobly, as the daughter of Godred should choose. You are exiled, Ivar, and are no longer safe in Man. You must fly at once for England. Matilda also is not safe. Reginald has fixed his fancy upon her, and he is unscrupulous, fierce and terrible in his passions. He will force her to become his wife, if she remains here."

"He thinks an alliance with the daughter of Godred will strengthen him with his people, who are now so justly incensed against him for his evil courses. And he deems Matilda's wealth desirable to replenish his nearly empty coffers. There can be no doubt that a marriage between the king and Matilda would be immensely popular with the people; and also there can be no doubt that Reginald will bring about the marriage, if he is not prevented, if he has to employ brute force to compel the maiden to his arms."

The lovers coincided in this opinion.

"The king has already begun to persecute us," said the Lady Matilda. "I am virtually a prisoner in this castle. A guard was stationed outside our windows, and a second guard within this corridor, ostensibly to protect us, in reality to prevent our escape. I dread the morning, and the renewal of Reginald's suit. I am not safe here. He will stop at nothing in the way of the accomplishment of his design. My only safety lies in flight. To-morrow may be too late."

"But where shall we go?" asked the Lady Godiva.

"To my own castle," replied Matilda. "I have retainers there who will defend me to the last gasp, should need arise. I have money there and jewels, and boats that could transfer our valuables and us in safety to the coast of England. We must hasten to my castle, Ivar."

"But how are we to travel?" inquired the Lady Godiva.

"I know where your people lodge within the castle, and I can arouse them," said Ivar. "Your horses can all be saddled and in waiting within the half hour. Fortunately, my attendants have returned to their homes. Prepare yourselves for the journey, and leave the rest to me."

The ladies re-entered their chamber to make their needful preparations. Ivar, secure in his disguise, stole out into the court-yard. The outer guard was missing, and, after a brief search, the young knight found him hidden away in a thicket, sound asleep.

The way thus cleared, Ivar hastened to that portion of the castle which had been assigned to the Lady Matilda's train. He had no difficulty in effecting an entrance to their long dormitory, one of their number being on guard. To arouse them all and tell them of the indignity that had been put upon their adored young mistress by Reginald, in that she had been virtually made the king's prisoner, was the work of but few moments. The stern old warriors leaped into their armour, and demanded of Ivar the commands of their noble lady.

"The Lady Matilda wishes to return to her home immediately," said Ivar. "She must be safe within her castle before the king discovers her absence from this place."

The retainers all signified obedience to the command, and one by one they stole out of their quarters, hastening to the royal stables to prepare their horses for the journey.

No orders had been given to detain the Lady Matilda or her train. It was not generally known throughout the castle that the maiden was to be detained, even against her will. Therefore, the grooms, who were awakened, made no objection to the unseasonable departure of the guests, but made haste to help them in their tasks.

The horses were equipped for the journey, and Ivar returned to Matilda. The corridor was empty. The maiden's door was ajar, and as the young knight's familiar tread echoed upon the floor, Matilda and her aunt and their attendant ladies came forth, attired for their ride.

"All is well," said Ivar. "Come. We must depart in haste."

He conducted them to the court-yard and assisted them to mount.

Then he sprang into the saddle of his own horse, which Mower had brought to join the others, and the little train, which included his own henchman, moved towards the great gates.

They were wide open, in readiness for their egress.

As the party approached it, Ivar riding at Matilda's side, the captain of the castle-guards, aroused from his sleep by the clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, came forth from his quarters.

The day was just breaking. A gleam of light fell upon the spears and lances of Matilda's train. The eyes of the captain took in the meaning of the scene in one quick glance. The monarch had confided to him his intention to hold Matilda in safe custody at the royal castle until she should become the bride of Reginald, and he comprehended at once that Matilda was bent upon escape from her persecutor.

The captain seized his trumpet and blew a long, shrill blast that aroused every inmate of the castle.

"Ho, there!" he shouted. "Close the gates! Let no one pass out!"

Too late!

Before the last words of the order had ceased echoing upon the air, the train, in swift motion, every horse impelled by spur and whip, had hurried swiftly through the gateway and gained the open road beyond.

Again the trumpet pealed a loud blast.

"Forward!" cried Ivar, his voice ringing clearer than any trumpet-peal. "Forward, friends! Your best speed now. More than life hangs on our swiftness. Forward!"

They galloped onward in the gray dawn, not daring to look back, life and honour and freedom depending on their speed.

And yet again the wild trumpet-blast pealed forth upon the air from the court-yard of Castle Rushen.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE Lady Matilda and her friends pushed forward with great speed, sparing neither whip nor spur. The road was rough, leading over hills and through hollows, over rude bridges, and by the side of steep precipices.

They traversed scenery wild and full of dangers, but the only peril of which they thought was that of pursuit and capture.

For some miles they thus pressed onward, but at last their horses began to pant and to slacken their pace, and then the fugitives seemed for the first time to draw breath. Ivar turned in his saddle and looked back, shading his eyes with one hand.

Afar off, upon the thread-like road, he beheld a horseman, following swiftly in their track.

"A messenger from the king," he said, briefly. "I see no troop behind him."

The others looked back also, but no halt was made. The horses jogged on, slowly, but steadily, until the town now known as Douglas was reached.

Here a few minutes' halt was ordered. The horses were watered and groomed carefully, for their few miles journey had been very wearisome. The riders dismounted at the little inn, and walked about and conversed together in whispers, looking back over the road by which they had come.

Ivar ordered food and drink to be prepared for the party, and Lady Matilda, her aunt, and their ladies, were ushered into a cool, pleasant room, with rush strewn floors, and high oaken settles, where the breakfast was served to them.

The men, including Ivar, took their food in their hands as they stood about the court-yard, quiet and watchful.

As the party returned to their saddles the horseman whom Ivar had seen afar off rode up in great haste, and presented himself to the Lady Matilda.

"The king sends greeting," he said, breathlessly, "and demands the reason of the Lady Matilda's strange and sudden departure from Castle Rushen."

Ivar, still in his disguise of the castle-guard, drew near the maiden.

But Matilda answered for herself.

"Bear my greetings to his majesty," she said, with a dignity rare in one so young. "and say to him that the Lady Matilda desired to return to her home. For reasons which his majesty will understand, the Lady Matilda could not stop for leave-taking."

The messenger bowed, while his eyes dwell curiously upon the disguised Ivar.

"The king bade me say," continued the courier, "that this departure is a gross affront to his majesty, and that he commands the immediate return of the Lady Matilda and her train, and also that of the false guard who connived at their departure."

The maiden's face heightened in colour as she responded, haughtily:

"Pray bear this message to the king. The Lady Matilda has no further business at court, and ventures to disobey the commands of his majesty. She will not return to Castle Rushen."

The courier's face showed quick alarm.



"But have you thought," he demanded, "what this refusal means? His majesty will be angry. He may even send troops to bring you back to the royal castle."

"I have no other answer," said the Lady Matilda, quietly. "Bear the one I have given to the king."

She touched her horse with her whip, and moved away, Ivar and all her train moving with her.

The courier halted and looked after them in complete dismay.

"It will be as much as my neck is worth to hear the maiden's message to the king," he muttered, gloomily. "Ah, but she hath a rare spirit! Yet, in a conflict with Reginald she is sure to be beaten. That castle-guard whom she is taking with her hath a knightly bearing. I do not remember him. He looks like one disguised. My horse is spent. I will rest a little while before I hasten to face our angry king."

He turned into the court-yard of the inn to seek refreshment, while Matilda and her party pushed onward in their flight.

They made one or two halts upon the way, the road being so rough, and it was the middle of the afternoon when they came in sight of the towers and battlements of Castle Grand—Lady Matilda's home.

It was a stately pile, situated upon the very edge of a high promontory, jutting out into the sea. Upon its eastern side was a sheer descent from its base to the water of several hundred feet. Upon its landward sides was a wide, encircling moat, filled with water, and provided with draw-bridge and portcullis.

Here, in the shadow of lofty Snafell, and perched upon the tall cliffs, Castle Grand seemed as lonely and inaccessible as an eagle's eyrie.

Summoning one of her retainers to her, the Lady Matilda bade him hasten on to warn her household of her return. He obeyed, spurring his horse onward, while the little train proceeded more leisurely, their spirits rising as they neared the grim castle, which had been the stronghold of a warlike race.

When the maiden and her followers reached the moat, the draw-bridge was lowered, banners were flying from towers, and warden and castellan, guards and servants, in all the lavish pomp and numbers of that barbaric age, were gathered in the court-yard to give welcome to their lady.

The Lady Matilda rode in at the head of her train, the plumes upon her head waving, her fair face all flushed with pride and spirit, her eyes sparkling, her form upright and instinct with command.

"Up with the draw-bridge!" she said, in clear, ringing tones. "Down with the portcullis!"

Both orders were obeyed.

Then Ivar flung off his disguise, having dismounted, and stood forth proud and noble of aspect, clad still in armour, and looking every inch a worthy lover of Matilda.

The maiden still sat her horse, although her followers were dismounted. One wave of her little gauntleted hand brought her people around her, silent and attentive.

"My friends," she said, "I went forth, as you know, with the knight Ivar, to ask the consent of the king to our marriage. But the king set his fickle fancy on me and refused his consent. He banished Ivar from the island, and has threatened him with death if he return. He made me a prisoner in the royal castle, and kept me under guard."

A murmur went up from the two score of retainers grouped around.

"This morning at dawn we escaped from our royal persecutor," continued the Lady Matilda. "Reginald sent after us a messenger demanding our return. It is possible that the king may follow us with his troops to capture Ivar and compel me to submission."

"Let him come!" cried the castellan, speaking for the others. "Were he ten times a king he should not compel our lady to his arms or tear Ivar from the shelter of your roof."

"I knew you would say so," said Matilda, smiling. "Your hearts are all loyal to the daughter of Godred. We will entrench ourselves here in our own domain, withstand assaults if need be, and appeal to the deemsters for justice. Ivar hath done no treason, and Matilda is no serf to be taken against her will at the pleasure of her royal master."

The retainers applauded this speech to the echo. Then the party entered the castle, while servants and guards set to work to put the castle in order for defence.

The great central hall of Castle Grand was of magnificent proportions. The windows were mere slits in the walls.

A great fireplace, as large as a good-sized chamber, held prominent place, and in it a fire was burning, for the day was chilly.

From the hall several apartments opened; but this was the "home-place" where the retainers always lounged, and where often the lady of the castle sat with her maids, at work upon their tapestry embroidery.

Now the Lady Matilda, her aunt, and their ladies passed into the great withdrawing-room, an apartment fitted up with barbaric splendour, and rivaling the glories of Castle Rushen. Ivar sought the companionship of the castellan, to discuss with him the chances and preparations for assault and siege.

The ladies, retiring to their boudoirs, made fresh toilets. An hour later dinner was announced, and they appeared in the great dining-hall, where retainers of all sorts were gathered in waiting for them.

The long table was spread with every luxury of the time and season. A great haunch of venison held the place of honour; a sirloin of beef supported it.

A boar's head, grinning, with green stuff in its mouth, stood upon a great dish. Fowls, and little birds of different kinds that had been spitted by the dozen, as children string berries upon straw, abounded. The inevitable pastry held its place.

A great wooden trencher filled with bread stood upon a side table. While, for drinks, instead of modern teas and the like, there were great jugs of mead, of ale, of beer, and tankards, filled with wine and spiced liquors which even ladies drank.

To this feast, which had been in readiness for Matilda's return, requiring only to be heated before the fire, the company did full justice, Matilda, the Lady Godiva, their ladies, the chaplain, and Ivar, sitting at the upper end of the table, with the castellan, while below the salt congregated the host of stout men and true, the defenders of the castle, with their wives and daughters.

They did not sit long at dinner. The situation was too grave for merry-making. The demands of appetite satisfied the men returned to their duties, and the ladies, cloaked and hooded, went up to walk upon the battlements in the gloaming.

The night came on, beautiful with moonlight and starlight. The waters shone like glass in the pale glow. Snafell reared its lofty head, frowning and grim, in the dimness. And other mountain peaks, like a cordon of guards, stretched far away to the westward.

"Not all of Reginald's army could reduce us to submission," said the Lady Matilda, watching a train of tenants bearing in provisions over the great draw-bridge. "Since the last incursion of the Norwegians we have kept full store of arms."

"But we are few in numbers compared to Reginald's troops," said the Lady Godiva, apprehensively. "We have but fifty men-at-arms all told. But, worst comes to worst," she added, "we have our sea front, and can escape in boats."

"Yes, unless Reginald's fleet were to hem us in!" said Matilda. "But the king may not come. He must know that his popularity is waning, that the people condemn his reckless ways. He may decide not to try their patience further."

The hours wore on. The tenants ceased to come and go. A horseman rode out

alone upon a scout and the draw-bridge was raised.

A little later the horseman returned at full speed and was admitted. He reported the king and his troops close at hand.

The trumpet called to arms. The men flew to their posts. Ivar came to Matilda, telling her the news, and entreating her to retire to her apartments.

"Not so!" said Matilda. "My place is here. Have no fear for us, Ivar, since we ourselves are fearless."

Ivar returned to the court-yard and his post as one of the guards.

Scarcely half an hour later the moonlight fell upon the glittering spears and battle-axes of a long line of mounted men, who came slowly into view and halted before the castle, upon the outer side of the moat.

Then the king's herald blew a long blast upon a trumpet, demanding attention.

The castellan answered with a similar peal.

Then one rode forth from the king's troops—a tall man in armour, glittering in steel from head to foot.

This man was the king!

In a mighty voice Reginald shouted:

"The knight Ivar hath been attainted of treason and banished from our realm, under penalty of death if he return! He hath returned and done grievous injury to the faithful guard of our royal castle. We believe him to have taken refuge in this stronghold. Now, therefore, we demand that he be given up to us!"

No answer was made to this demand.

There was a brief silence; then again the king's herald blew his trumpet, and the castellan answered in kind, and the king again came to the front and shouted:

"Is it thus ye treat your king? Beware lest you, Lady Matilda, and your retainers, be also attainted of treason. We demand the surrender of the knight Ivar. If he be not surrendered to us, in obedience to our kingly command, we shall besiege your castle and compel your surrender!"

The castellan now made response.

"Your majesty," he said, "the knight Ivar is no traitor. He demands a fair trial before the deemsters."

"He hath been tried by me, found guilty, and condemned. He is already under sentence of death!" interrupted Reginald. "No parleying, varlet. Hand Ivar forth. Fling open your castle gates and let us enter."

"We have our orders, your majesty," said the castellan, firmly. "Ivar is the betrothed of our lady and must be defended with our lives. Not even to our king can we betray Matilda's promised husband. We cannot open our gates!"

"Then you force us to open them for you!" cried the king, in a fury. "We have ordered our fleet to blockade your bay and let no vessel out. We shall encamp here for the night. With the morning we shall begin our assault upon you. Meanwhile you have some hours in which to decide upon the better part of wisdom. He who resists the king, and harbours traitors, is himself a traitor. And for him is reserved the doom of traitors!"

The king's fleet now appeared in sight round the nearest headland. The castle was beleaguered by sea and land. Escape there was none.

"You see?" cried Reginald, grimly, to those around him. "It is death or surrender!"

They all saw and comprehended. It was indeed death or surrender.

(To be Continued.)

The Electric Light is to be introduced into St. Petersburg, and the Municipality are considering the best scheme for lighting the streets by that method.

Fifty tons of granite are calculated by the "American Traveller" to have been sold in bits to our transatlantic cousins as portions of Cleopatra's Needle.



[A PAINFUL DISCOVERY.]

## BESSIE BELL'S THEORY.

"GOOD-MORNING, girls; I am very glad to see you, but how did you get here so early in the morning? There is no train till this afternoon, and as for Bessie Bell being able to get up in time to get here at eight o'clock is more than I am able to understand; Josie—I believe you are the originator of this affair."

"There, I told you Aunt Arthur would say that, and you would get all the credit for my work."

"You are wrong this time," said Josie. "It is Bessie's doings."

"Josie, that is not the way to tell the story. I'll do it myself. We did not expect to come until next week, as we wrote, but the boys were coming over in a double carriage and dared us girls to be ready as early as they were going to start. Papa heard them and said, 'Good! I'll give the girls a box of gloves if they will be ready before the boys.' We earned the gloves, and here we are, and that is all of it."

"It is, is it? Well, my ladies, perhaps you'll tell me who 'the boys are? As far as I know, neither of you have brother, cousin, or uncle that you could call boys. Josie, I see, blushes very becomingly. Well, you may tell me of the boys."

"There is not much to tell. They are Mr. Burton and Mr. Eston, the young men who have bought out the old Orton firm, and are in business very near father's office. They lodge

next door to Aunt Mary's, so Bessie and I see them very often and call them the boys. They came here to see some land over on the river beyond the Jackson place, and said they would be very glad to have us come with them if we could, and so we came."

"Of all the girls to tell the truth with a double meaning, you are at the head, I do believe. Aunt, if you could see the way the walk is worn where Mr. Burton cuts across lots, you would see where the part she did not tell is and—"

"Bessie Bell, if you do not preserve a golden silence, I will tell you how early Mr. Eston went home last Tuesday."

"Off upstairs with you! and get your hair combed before the boys return. Norton said they had gone to the station for your trunks, which they had sent by the train just arrived. I have sent him to them with word to come up here to dinner."

This conversation occurred between Mrs. Arthur and her nieces, two stylish young girls from the city. Mrs. Arthur was one of those women we so often meet, neither large nor small, though at thirty she was heavy enough to make one think she only needed the ten years additional growth to make her "fair, fat and forty." One of those people who make us feel as if we had always known them, and of whom one is sure to hear such remarks as "I don't see why, for you don't look like her, but make me think of my mother, sister, or favourite aunt, as the case may be."

Her husband was well off, but not wealthy;

they had three children, all of whom had been on the rampage all the morning. Effie and Ella, girls in no way remarkable, and Eddie, the baby, aged two and a half years.

Mrs. Arthur and her nieces soon came back chattering as though there was another box of gloves to be won by the one who said the most in the shortest time. As they came in Josie was saying:

"I wish you could have heard her this morning, aunt. Why, she kept it up for full three-quarters of the time."

"Well, laughed her aunt, "I will tell you a story if you are ready to listen and I can get time, but my girl has gone to see her sick brother, and Eddie acts like a tornado this morning. You remember you met quite a number of people when you were here the last time. My story is the romance in the lives of some of them, and I want you to tell which, judging by your theory, will you?"

"How can I remember their expression? It is two years since I saw them. However, I will try."

"You can see them this evening if you will go with us to the fair at the new school house. I would very much like to have you and the boys go."

"Yes, of course we'll go. But the story—I am impatient."

"You girls have never lived in a small place, and I am afraid you will think me a gossip, for you do not know how well everyone knows everyone else's business. All I shall tell you is known by most of our neighbours. It could not be a story without a girl or girls, and this time I know the girls were pretty. I can't tell you their style, or it would help you guess who they are. They are sisters, the daughters of Mr. —, a banker, who, though not among the very richest, was able to live well and to give his family a good position in society."

"Grace was the oldest and the beauty. When she was about fifteen they were sent to a school at B—. Their mother was one of those fashionable ladies who, though kind, seem to have no judgment regarding young girls, and when she sent them away was more afraid they would not be stylish than that they would not be good students, and girls of their age are apt to have more interest in lovely dresses than in Latin grammar, without encouragement from their elders."

"Grace was very taking in her way, a good musician, lively talker, fond of company—especially that of gentlemen—although but little over fifteen at this time. If you have ever been at a school sociable you can judge how Grace would get along in such a place. Once I asked a young man what was the reason that while everyone laughed at these sociables, so many went, and so many engagements were made at them. He said that they were so horribly stupid no one could flirt as usual, and as they must do something the boys had to pop the question at once, and to break the engagement at the next, so they did not die out at once."

"Well, at one of these entertainments Grace met Mr. Pearson, a handsome man, and about ten years older than she. He was the son of a wealthy man now living near her father's, and she and her sister Ethel were at school before he came there, so they had never met, though he was well acquainted with her people, and came to her almost as an old friend."

"There is a class of people whose goodness is only negative badness; who are so weak as to be unable to do anything without being helped. This was his style. No girl of fifteen is apt to see such traits in a man, or if she does, does not see the great danger in them. His manner—as is apt to be the case with these inefficient characters—was boyish, and he did not appear much older than Grace. He had had a good education, and he was not obliged to support himself; though he was a lawyer, with his indolent training he considered work beneath him."

"They met frequently and very soon Grace was his angel, to her hero; the dear, dearest darling of her heart. When she was but little over sixteen they were married. There was



nothing to mar their happiness, as far as one could judge on a wedding-day. Then came the old, old story of a baby wife and her baby. Soon he tired of her silly ways, was ugly to her and the baby. Her mother and Ethel took most of the care of her and her house, but still things grew worse, till Mr. Pearson got enraged, or tipsy, no one knew which, and ordered all of her mother's people to leave the house, and never to come there again. They were too proud to go near them again for many months.

"While Grace has been in all this trouble, Ethel has become a pretty young woman. She is naturally more like her father than Grace, and a more common-sense girl, but has been brought up after the wax-doll order of girls. Her romance is not a smooth one; she was engaged to a young Dr. Scott, but found he was not a strictly temperate man. With her sister's life to warn her, this is not one of the things she can overlook. Although she is sure she does love him, and tells him so, she will have nothing more to do with him for two years, and not then if he is ever tipsy during that time.

"Her own trouble made her more tender hearted of other people, and she doubted her leaving Grace as she did, when she knew she was needed, being right, and determined to go and see her at once. She had to get her mother's consent, so at dinner she said,—"Mother, this pudding is perfect; you know how well Grace liked it; I don't care what Pearson may say; I am going to run through the back yards and take her some." So she went. On reaching the house she was frightened to see the door open and no one in that part of the house, and hearing the baby crying she followed the sound till she found where it was.

"When she got there everything looked so disorderly, and baby so neglected, that at first she blamed poor Grace for allowing things to be so slovenly, but soon she saw there was more than mere neglect. The pictures and books were thrown down and everything looked upset. She took baby up, wondering all the time at no one coming in.

"Ethel had thought she heard a moan, but could not tell. Now she listened and was sure of it; she went to the door of her sister's room and found it locked from the outside; finding the key, she opened the door and found Grace lying on the floor in a half insensible state. Her hair was down, and her jewels off, but her dress was the same she had worn the evening before when Ethel met her at a party. Ethel bathed her face until she opened her eyes and asked: 'Has he gone? has he gone? Keep him away! Don't let him take my baby. Oh, take me home!' Then lay back sobbing.

"Seeing she was not in a dangerous condition, Ethel took the baby home with her and told her mother how Grace was. They came and took her home, and she told them her trouble.

"Her husband had come home tipsy, and ordered everyone of the servants to leave the house, locked her into her room, and left. No one knew where he was or what he did for the next four days. On the fifth he went to her father's and asked for Grace, but was forbidden to see her.

"The trouble she had at home in addition to the excitement of a fashionable life, had made her an incurable invalid. Although she was a foolish, fretful woman, she had the sympathy of her husband's as well as her own people. They did for her all they could do, but did not want her to get a divorce, and affairs were in this condition till her father's death. Mrs. Grey's mother and brother were living out here at that time, so she thought best to come here and be with them as they had enough to live on economically.

"When I first met Mrs. Pearson I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and I know I never knew of as selfish a being.

"They met a Mr. Lee, a young man from Liverpool. He was very attentive to them, and when he left had asked and received permission to correspond with Ethel. I forgot to say that about one month before the two years were over Dr. Scott had got tipsy and Ethel soon ended

that affair. Perhaps Mr. Lee caught her heart in accordance with the rebound theory, anyway he got it.

"The first winter they spent here Mr. Grey's nephew, Frank Thornton, made his home with them. He taught school winters, and turned farmer in the spring. A few years before, while at work with his team, one of the horses hurt him. At this time he felt or feared no farther trouble from that injury. His lady love lived some fifteen miles from here, so to avoid flirting he and Ethel were always together. Frank began to think his betrothed was not as brilliant as she had appeared, in which opinion Ethel agreed with him. Queer as it may seem, about this time Mr. Lee's letters would lie forgotten and unopened for hours if Frank was there, his company being so far preferable to either Mr. Lee or his epistles.

"Mrs. Pearson had not heard from her husband for a good many years, but about the time she came here she had heard that he was married again; she applied for and obtained a divorce, and now she was expecting to marry a rich and handsome widower. So things stood when Lady Fate took a hand in her affairs, and, as her breath struck them all the old plans vanished like smoke. Frank broke his engagement; the widower turned out to be a bankrupt, and Grace broke her engagement. Whether it was his guardian angel or only a trick of Lady Fate, don't ask me; but just at this time Mr. Lee came to see Ethel. She had concluded her heart was in Frank's keeping, and now that he was free, had determined to ask Mr. Lee to release her from her promise.

"To have him come here was just what she did not want; she took advantage of her cousinship to carry on a flirtation with Frank, and Grace commenced to flirt with Mr. Lee. This led to a quarrel which ended in Ethel's going away, and Mr. Lee's transferring his heart and hand to Mrs. Pearson.

"While Ethel was gone, Frank's eyes had given him trouble, he had them examined, and I think you can imagine how he felt when the doctor told him that the accident some years before had done such injury to the nerve of the eye that there was no way of preventing his becoming blind in a few years. Here was a trouble of a terrible kind. He had no property to speak of, and when blind of course he must be helpless.

"Although there had been no promise given by either, Frank and Ethel had come to an understanding that as soon as they were well out of their previous engagement they would be married. Ethel no sooner found how this misfortune would affect her plans, than she ignored her part in the affair, and accused Grace of having won her lover from her.

"Mr. Lee married Grace though she was some seven years his senior. You may wonder where her baby has been all this time. Well, soon after Grace's second marriage her mother married a minister, and as Grace had never taken much care of her boy, and always seemed to be angry with him for looking so like his father, Mrs. Grey will not let him leave her. Ethel was married this spring. Ah, here are the boys."

It seemed Mr. and Mrs. Arthur had known "the boys," and just what their claim as to there being "nothing to tell" was worth. When Mr. Arthur came in and introduced them as "the nephews of my sister-in-law," the girls looked so astonished as to create a hearty laugh.

As they came down to breakfast Mrs. Arthur asked Bessie if the gentlemen had been told why they had gone to the fair the night before. They had not, so she told them, and Mr. Burton said:

"That explains why Josie was so anxious to have me give my opinion of everyone we met, and my idea of what their lives had been."

"How did you succeed, Bessie?"

"Not half as well as I thought I would," said Bessie; "for just as I thought I had found them

they would do or say something that would prove me wrong."

"Who was the first failure, and why do you think you were wrong?" asked Mrs. Arthur.

Bessie laughed as she said:

"Do you remember that tall woman with the lace shawl? I thought she must be Mrs. Grey, but when I heard her say: 'Myranda, ef them there lemins titch that there yaller ribin, it'll turn 'em green as grass,' I concluded I was mistaken."

"Do any of you remember the young man who sold calico aprons?" asked Mrs. Arthur.

"The one with curly hair?" cried Bessie. "I did. He has never seen trouble. He is too light-hearted."

Mr. Arthur looked up at his wife in an odd way but said nothing, for Mr. Burton said:

"You girls don't look through the same spectacles. Now Josie thinks he has had trouble."

"Why, Josie?" exclaimed Bessie, "why do you think so?"

"I can't give any good reason for thinking so, but when he was quiet there was an expression of such utter and hopeless despair as I never saw on any face."

"Bessie, did you see that lady in the back part of the room making coffee?" asked her aunt.

"Yes; I thought her nice and quiet, though not a society lady."

"Which of the ladies in the tableau of Hope did you like best?"

"The one who held the crown. I talked with her afterwards, and I would say she was a sweet girl if those men were not here to laugh at me for it. The other one is only a baby."

As Bessie looked up she saw Mr. Arthur was laughing, and her aunt said, with a broad smile:

"Well, Bessie, you have proved your theory well. Your happy young man is Frank; the lady who made coffee, Mrs. Grey; the girl who held the crown Grace; Ethel 'is only a baby.'"

All laughed heartily at Bessie's blunders, but she said that if she failed, Josie had found Frank, and that proved the theory correct. Still the boys tease them till the girls said if they didn't stop they would never have any more to do with them. The boys did not stop, and the girls' consciences must be very elastic in matters of truth, for soon after Mr. Burton and Josie were at the gate, and while he had three hands Josie had only one, and as Mr. Eston and Bessie went down the walk, something she said sounded like:

"I hope when we are married, I shall find my present theory a correct one!"

Mr. Eston asks what that theory is, but she blushing refuses to make any more mistakes for him to laugh at. We can guess her theory in this instance. E. L.

#### A TELEPHONE ON A TEAR.

The following is a telephone story from America:

Three of the numerous telephones that have been put into service during the past year afforded a very amusing episode a few weeks ago. These three telephones connect the city offices on or near Woodward avenue with three large establishments in Springwells. One is a brickyard, one a foundry and machine shop and one a pork-packing establishment, and the brickmaker's line also extends to his residence. At one point between the city and Springwells all three of these lines are attached to the roof on the same building, and rest on the same cleat, but each has, of course, its own insulator.

During the heavy wind storm a few days ago the wires became unfastened from the insulators on the particular building and firmly crossed in such a manner as to make them, practically, one line.

On the morning following the storm the clerk

in the office of the foundry, who is of a mischievous turn of mind, heard the bell attached to the instrument ring in a peculiar manner. It gave a different signal to that used by the firm with which he is employed.

Placing his ear to the diaphragm, he heard a gruff voice say: "Halloo" and also heard a reply. Thinking some one unaccustomed to the instrument was talking from the office, he resolved to have some fun. The reader, remembering that all three of the lines are crossed, will readily understand the conversation which ensued. The brickmaker called his Springwells establishment and said, "John, send up two loads of bricks to the office."

Clerk—Oh, take the bricks out of your hat!

Brickmaker—What is that you say?

Clerk—Pull down your vest!

B. M.—Who is fooling with this instrument?

Clerk—Only John.

B. M.—That is not you, is it John?

Clerk—What d'ye say?

B. M.—Is that John?

Clerk—Yes, John the pie-biter.

B. M.—Go away from the mouthpiece, you scoundrel.

About this time there came a female voice along the wires, saying, "Is that you, pa?"

Clerk—No, it isn't paw.

Female Voice—Who is it?

Clerk—Flute Magilder.

F. V.—Who?

Clerk—a hungry man from Windsor.

F. V.—Where are you?

Clerk—In Springwells. Where are you?

F. V.—At home on ——— avenue.

Clerk—Don't you wish you were here?

F. V.—No; I think you're real mean!

During this conversation the brickmaker became furious, and tried to put a stop to the conversation by calling through his telephone. But as soon as he commenced the mischievous clerk would turn the crank and set the bells ringing so that no one could be heard. The clerk could get no further response from the young lady, and so turned his attention to his enraged parent. A war of words followed, at the conclusion of which the man of bricks announced his intention of visiting the yards in Springwells to "see about it."

He had hardly left the instrument before another strange call came, and the clerk heard the pork-packing gentleman order some one of the packing house to bring up a load of ham.

Clerk—Put more salt on your hams and then they'll keep.

Pork-packer—What's that?

Clerk—Take some salt; you're too fresh!

P. P.—Who is that?

Clerk—John, the ham-fat man.

P. P.—See here, you! Just go away from there! I want to talk business!

Clerk—Well, fire away.

P. P.—Will you send a load of hams to the warehouse?

Clerk—Haven't got any. Can send you a load of castings.

P. P.—Where the d—l are you?

Clerk—At ———'s foundry.

P. P.—Is that you H.?

Clerk—It are.

P. P.—How did you get hold of our line?

Clerk—Blessed if I know.

The conversation continued for some time, until a faint suspicion of how the mischief occurred began to dawn upon the minds of the clerk and the pork-packer, both of whom were intimate friends. At length the clerk came up to town, the two took a horse and buggy, explored the lines and found the difficulty. They next visited the brickmaker, and mutual explanation and cigars, etc., followed. Etc. means buttermilk. The abbreviation is not in Webster.

A SMALL leaden bowl, filled with gold and silver coins dating about the time of Nero, Claudius, and Vespasian, has been found at Aurons, near Aix (Bouches du Rhone).

## EMBROIDERY

Is an art coeval with the earliest woollen manufacture, and was first practised among the Oriental, by whom it was carried to perfection. It consists in producing needlework patterns upon various fabrics. The Chinese are the most elaborate embroiderers of modern times, and their best work is upon silk; gold and silver thread is much employed. The Persians, Turks, and Hindoos excel in the art of embroidery done with the shuttle, though formerly with the needle. In hand-work the fabric is generally stretched upon a frame, the design being drawn upon the fabric; sometimes the design can be traced. Berlin work is done by following the design on a paper pattern marked with lines to represent the threads.

## FACETIÆ.

### WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?

AUNT MARIA (who has been roughly used by waves): "True as I live, Marian, I've lost my upper set in that last tumble we got in the surf. What on earth shall I do at dinner-time. And this salt air gives one such an appetite!"

### WHY.

WHY ask a fellow when he meets  
His neighbour, "What's the news?"  
Why sit a woman on the floor  
To button on her shoes?  
Why is it all women prefer  
A bowl-bath to a plunge?  
Why is it they prefer a rag  
For washing, to a sponge?  
Why is it women groan and moan  
Of what they have to do,  
Yet gladly walk a score of miles  
To match a shade of blue?

### SHARP.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS in the country was taking down the names and ages of her scholars at the commencement of the term, when, coming in turn to a little white-headed boy, she asked him:

"Well, my lad, how old are you?"

"My name ain't lad," said he, sharply; "it's John."

"Well," said the schoolmistress, "what is the rest of your name?"

"Why, that's all the name I've got—just John."

"Well, what is your father's name?"

"Oh, you needn't put dad's name down; he isn't comin' to school. He's too big to go to school."

"Well, how old are you?"

"I ain't old at all. I'm young."

### SALAD AND WOMEN.

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life.

At once a boon and a blessing."

"In one way they're salad," replied Brown,

"They take so much time in dressing."

### THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

ANGELINA (suppressing an inclination to yawn): "How nice it would be if some friend were to turn up, wouldn't it, Edwin?"

EDWIN (after yawning elaborately): "Yes, or even some enemy."

### HOW FAR.

"PLEASE, cap'n, how far are we from land?" asked a sea-sick emigrant of a captain of an ocean steamer.

"Well, Mike, we are about a couple of hundred miles off Cape Henry, I reckon," was the reply.

"And now, cap'n," said Mike, "how far, please, is Cape Henry from the land?"

### NOT SO MUCH FUN.

"SONNY," remarked a mother to her young hopeful, "if boys were half as patient in their

attention to their studies as they are in learning how to skate they would be perfect angels."

"That's so, mamma," said the boy, "but then they wouldn't have near so much fun."

### ENJOYMENT.

FIRST MERCHANT: "Yes, I'm off to Paris to-morrow for a month's enjoyment."

SECOND MERCHANT: "How does Mrs. Jones like the notion of a foreign land?"

F. M.: "Mrs. Jones! Why, I told you she she was not going."

S. M.: "No, really, you had not mentioned her name."

F. M.: "But didn't I say I was going for a month's enjoyment?"

### UP TOO EARLY.

"I AROSE at six o'clock this morning, and see what I found in taking a walk along the highway," said the fond father, displaying a silver coin. "Is that not proof of the advisability of getting up early?"

"No," replied the son.

"And why?" asked the father.

"Because the fellow who lost it," boldly replied the son, "got up too early for his own good."

### HE REMEMBERED IT.

"Now, Leander, my dear, I want you to be sure and not forget to bring these few things when you come home to night," said the young wife, just before the kiss and the "good-bye" as he was starting for the city.

"Certainly not, my love."

And this is the way the bill ran:

1. Two yards of blue barege.
2. Three yards of Hamburg edgings.
3. My new braid from the barber's.
4. One shilling's worth of Nainsook.
5. Box of pearl powder.
6. "Modern Minister" from Muddle's library.

Arriving at his destination, he forgot all about the list till late in the afternoon, and then couldn't find it in any of his pockets; but hadn't he read it over, and didn't he recollect it all? Of course he did, and this is what he brought home to the expectant wife:

1. Two heads of blue cabbage.
2. Three yards handsome netting.
3. Some blue braid.
4. One shilling's worth of canned soup.
5. Box of seidlitz powders.
6. Muddle said he hadn't any such book as "The Mag and Canister" in the library.

Exclamation on receiving the above:

"Oh, Leander, Leander, you must have been dining at that horrid club again, or you couldn't make such a mistake."

### HOT ENOUGH.

THE persistent wretch who is always asking, "Is this hot enough for you?" will get his reward one of these days. When a dark-complexioned old person with horns will lead him in, crying, "Is this hot enough for you?" he will understand all.

### WHAT THE NEW CITY PEAL SAYS.

You must pay up your "calls"—  
Says the bells of St. Paul's!

Stock rises and falls—  
Says the bells of St. Paul's!

City Companies hauls—  
Says the bells of St. Paul's!

Snug prebends and stalls—  
Says the bells of St. Paul's!

Blessings on these old walls!  
Says the bells of St. Paul's! —Punch.

THE True Policy of the Gas Companies with Regard to Mr. Edison's Patent—Making light of it.

—Punch.

### OUT OF REPAIR.

SHOPMAN: "If you will step into the next room, I shall be able to show you some wonderful old jars recently dug up at Pompeii."

LADY: "What! that horrid old Italian town? Why, I couldn't bear anything that came from the place; it is so fearfully out of repair."



**The Last New Definition of Home Rule—Obstruction.**  
—Punch.

**WANTED to Know—The length of a Mile—and omnibus.**  
—Judy.

**A RAILWAY OBLIGATION.—Punctuality.**  
—Fun.

#### A HUSBAND MARKET.

A **STRONG-MINDED** woman married a man not noted for activity of body or energy of character, and before the honeymoon was over, upon awakening one morning, he found his spouse in tears.

"My love," said he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, I've had such a dreadful dream."

"Why, what was it?"

"I thought I was going through a street when I saw a sign, 'Husbands for Sale.' So many women were rushing in that I followed, and just then they were selling a splendid specimen for one hundred pounds."

"But did they all bring as much as that?" he asked.

"Oh, no! They went at one hundred, fifty, and so on down."

"Well, my dear, did you see any that looked like me?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. But they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for a shilling a bunch."

Tableau.

#### REMEMBRANCES.

MRS. HENRIK: "How stupid that you can't recollect when Mrs. S— called."

MR. H.: "I know it was the day you hit me with the stool."

MRS. H.: "Oh, no! That was the day you threw the teapot at me."

A **LITTLE** girl was reproved for playing outdoors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied, "Why, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

#### EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

BIDDY (to Old Gent): "Please help a poor woman with seven small children, all to—"

GOOD-NATURED OLD GENT (who knows her): "Yes, but I say, don't you think your family increases rather too rapidly? Last week it was only five."

BIDDY (not a bit abashed): "Sure, and isn't it all the more reason why yer honour should help me again?"  
—Fun.

#### RE THE GLASGOW BARK.

EVANGELINE: "Papa (to Paterfamilias, whose wife and five daughters run heavy bills at the milliner's), what is unlimited liability?"

PAPA: "Marriage, my dear."  
—Fun.

THE CANNIBALS!—A broth of a boy is very common in Ireland.  
—Fun.

#### "LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE."

POSTMAN (pompously): "Letters for you, miss. No, miss, none for nobody—my letters this morning is hail for the 'all.'"  
—Fun.

#### THE EVIL OF RETICENCE.

FIDGETY AND CANTANEROUS OLD LADY: "Can you tell me, young man, if this is the right train for Isleworth?"

YOUNG MAN: "Isleworth? No, madame, you should have changed two or three stations ago."

OLD LADY: "Well, I'm sure, I think you might have had the decency to tell me that before, and not let me come all this way for nothing."  
—Fun.

#### STATISTICS.

FRANCE is usually supposed to head the list in regard to suicides, and we are told that in the old days of the Quartier Latin the young people, the étudiant and Lisette, would retire to their garret when the money failed and the stern

parent threw them off, light a charcoal fire in the middle of the room and expire in each other's arms. Last year however the tables of mortality show that in Switzerland 397 people committed suicide, which is at the rate of one in every 4,600 inhabitants, a greater proportion than in any other country in Europe. If the report be true concerning the number of suicides amongst the troops in Bulgaria, Russia will probably be foremost in the list next year.

#### THE POOL.

I KNOW a silver space of waters deep  
Amid the tangled trunks and roots of trees.

Where shade and interspersing azure sleep  
The white day through unruffled by the breeze;

Where grasses tall of flowers before  
their birth,  
And midnight whispers with the  
secret earth.

I know a lurking star which brooding  
shade

Hides like a blue bud over-young to  
break.

I know the scents that timid night has  
made

For morn, chaliced in flowers, yet, for the  
sake

Of their sweet moon, forego the sun  
as lover,  
Steal into air and in the moonbeams  
hover.

I know the murmur of the far-off town,  
The shrill wind-music dying in the  
grass,

The low moan of the water plashing  
down

Through lips moss-bearded in the west-  
ern pass:

I knew a voice that stole the song  
from streams

To whisper in my ear the tune of  
dreams.

No more! no more may she beside that  
pool

Watch with still eyes the sunken stars of  
night!

No more when fields are mute and dews are  
cool

Shall airs of eve be charmed to our  
delight!

No more in verdurous twilight after  
day

Shall her voice steal my weariness  
away!

The stars above find spirit-stars below  
Through water ever-flowing to the sea;

My beacon-star above me shines, I know  
Through flowing time my beacon will find  
me:—

This pool and I drift slowly to the  
Main

To show each star its beacon-star  
again.  
H. R.

#### GEMS.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the  
beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find  
it not.

OUR sorrows are like thunder clouds, which  
seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as  
they approach.

A MAN is an idiot if he be enraged with an ill  
that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that  
he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no  
occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

A GOOD man, who has seen much of the world  
and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essen-

tials to happiness in this life, are—something to  
do, something to love, and something to  
hope for.

THE thirsty man dreams of fountains and  
running streams; the hungry man of ideal ban-  
quets; and the poor man of heaps of hidden  
gold. Nothing certainly is more manifested  
than the imagination of a beggar. It is thus  
kind nature consoles with shadows for the lack  
of substance.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**ROLLED JELLY CAKE.**—Ten eggs, the weight  
of the eggs in sugar and the weight of six in  
flour, one fresh lemon, half the grated rind and  
all of the juice. Carefully separate the egg,  
beat the yolks, sugar and lemon together until  
very light; then beat the whites to a stiff froth,  
mix thoroughly and add the flour, beating that  
in lightly. Bake like jelly cake, using a square  
or oblong pan. Success will depend upon proper  
baking and being expeditious in speaking and  
rolling. It should bake quickly without drying.  
Turn the cake on to a clean cloth, and as soon  
as rolled do it up in the cloth and let it remain  
until cold. It may be spread with jelly, with  
chocolate or cocoanut icing. You may bake in  
a loaf or in gem pans, and add to the variety in  
numerous ways. Not everyone has the con-  
venience for weighing, and in that case let  
them try any sponge cake recipe they may  
have.

**BRANDY PEACHES.**—Rub the peaches with a  
dry coarse cloth, and throw them into a pail of  
cold water. Put them from that into a kettle  
of hot water, and boil them until a straw may  
be run to the stone. Take them out and throw  
them into cold water. Clarify a syrup made in  
the proportion of one pound of good white sugar  
to a pint of water, and, when cold, put half  
syrup and half brandy. Drain the peaches well,  
and lay them into the brandied syrup. Put  
them in glass jars, with air-tight covers, such as  
are used for canning fruits. The peaches may  
be peeled if the toughness of the skin is objected  
to.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

DRAMATIC composition in Germany is far from  
flourishing, for the triennial Schiller-prize for  
the best drama is again not to be awarded, none  
of the pieces sent up for competition being  
worthy of the prize.

A PILGRIMAGE to the tomb of Pius IX. is  
proposed for the anniversary of the Pope's death  
next February. The Jesuits are said to have  
suggested the pilgrimage as a manifestation  
against the policy of Leo XIII.

INDIA is to have a gold currency. The Indian  
Government contemplates replacing the present  
silver standard by that of the more precious  
metal, and by making English gold coins legal  
tender throughout the country.

THE relief given to the destitute at the  
Leicester Square Soup Kitchen and Refuge  
during the past year amounted to 102,595 meals  
and 2,600 nights' lodgings. The Christmas  
dinner reached 1,030 families and 15½ tons of  
coals were distributed to the aged and sick. In  
the fourth week of January 3,359 meals were  
given; in the fourth week of August 637 only.  
The institution is supported by voluntary contri-  
butions.

A CURIOUS Japanese dramatic entertainment  
was announced to be given one afternoon  
late in the concert-room of the Trocadero. Two  
pieces, one of which is called "The Tea Party,"  
were to be played by natives in their own cos-  
tume. The Japanese Commission is, however,  
stated to have received from the Government  
an order forbidding the performance on account  
of certain objectionable details in the piece  
named above, the subject of which is well known  
to travellers who have visited Yokohama.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FANNY.**—The smell will disappear in a short time. Hang the gloves up.

**E. T.**—No, it is not.

**H. B.**—The electric light is the most brilliant light hitherto discovered. It is produced by bringing two pieces of charcoal, previously placed in connection with the poles of a voltaic battery, nearly in contact. The voltaic current will then pass from one to the other, the ends of the charcoal touch nearly in contact becoming incandescent, and emitting the intensely brilliant light.

**T. B.**—The "engaged flag" is worn on the third finger of the right hand.

**MILLY.**—Moles on the skin can only be removed by a surgical operation.

**J. H. D.**—Chilblains may be cured by washing them repeatedly in potato water. Children afflicted with them should wear woollen stockings.

**C. H.**—Avoid cosmetics. The best receipt we can give you is to rise early, take exercise, and live temperately. You will then need no such cosmetics to improve your complexion.

**GABRIEL.**—You are unreasonably dissatisfied. The secret of comfort lies in being contented and serene.

**GOVIVA.**—The handwriting is better than passable—it is good.

**J. S.**—You should have sent stamps for the part you require.

**HARRY.**—We do not think favourably of your specimen poetical effusion.

**ROSE.**—We have no intention of printing the tale you refer to as a separate book.

**A. W.**—A youth of nineteen is not, we should say, a suitable candidate for matrimony.

**SETTLER.**—Love is a passion which comes to a man unthought. If you have not yet been smitten with it the only advice we can give you is "hide your time."

**T. M.**—Your letter is so silent upon all the details required that its favourable reception is highly improbable.

**WALLACE.**—The best kindness we can show you is to defer the publication of your advertisement for three or four years!

**HENRY.**—There is a little confusion in your reply. A greater attention to accuracy and a more detailed description are desirable.

**AGUSTUS M.**—It is impossible for a lady to pay any attention to such a letter as you have sent. You omit the necessary details to enable her to form an opinion of you.

**CYRIL.**—Resolve upon two or three questions wherewith you can politely pose the mysterious being by whom you have been fascinated.

**W. B. K.**—We had made a few alterations in your announcement preparatory to sending it to be printed when we discovered the unaccountable requirement with which it closes. We cannot help you to that sort of thing.

**ROBIN.**—What think you? If you were speaking to a young lady about marriage and told her, amongst other things, that you could love her "or any other lady," would this be the way to obtain a favourable answer to your suit?

**FLORA.**—Pray take a little more time for consideration. There is a homely phrase which talks about jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Don't you do that; rather listen to the great poet's suggestion to the effect that it may be better to

"Bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

**NED.**—The planet Uranus was discovered by Sir William Herschel.

**SAM.**—Your most practical course of proceeding will be to make a personal application to the bandmaster of the regiment located in the cavalry barracks nearest to your residence.

**JESSIE E.**—1. We make no charge for the advertisement. 2. No.

**MOLLY.**—The clock can be cleaned by being washed in warm water, to which ammonia has been added. Soap should not be used, and the water should not be hotter than the hand can bear.

**E. L., E. H., and E. W.,** three friends, would like to correspond with three young men. **E. L.** is twenty-two, fair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition. **E. H.** is nineteen, dark. **E. W.** is nineteen, fair, dark hair and eyes, fond of home. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-three, dark.

**A. E. J.,** twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony.

**REBECCA J.,** twenty-five, would like to correspond with a man about thirty, dark hair and eyes, good-tempered, fond of home.

**EMILY and NELLIE,** two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. **Emily** is eighteen, fair, blue eyes, fond of home. **Nellie** is seventeen, dark hair and eyes, loving.

**FOND HEART,** tall, dark, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about sixteen, golden hair, blue eyes, fair. Respondents must be fond of home and music.

**J. G. and C. D.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. **J. G.** is twenty-four, dark, handsome. **C. D.** is fair, blue eyes, good-tempered.

**S. H. and G. J.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **S. H.** is twenty-two, tall, dark, dark hair and eyes. **G. J.** is twenty-two, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home. Respondents must be twenty, loving.

**EDITH, MAGGIE, and EMILY,** three friends, would like to correspond with three seamen in the Royal Navy. **Edith** is nineteen, light hair, hazel eyes, medium height, dark. **Maggie** is eighteen, of a loving disposition, dark hair, brown eyes. **Emily** is twenty, medium height, brown hair.

**H. T. and A. B.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. **H. T.** is dark, tall, hazel eyes, fond of home and dancing. **A. B.** is twenty, light brown hair and eyes.

## MIND YOUR OWN CONCERN.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friends,  
For they are yours alone;  
Don't talk about your neighbour's faults,  
But strive to mend your own;  
What if he does not always lead,  
A truly perfect life!  
Supposing that he sometimes frets,  
Or quarrels with his wife!  
Don't meddle—let him know, my friend,  
Your better nature spurs  
To act the spy on him or his—  
So, mind your own concerns!

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friends,  
And presently you'll find  
That you are fully occupied,  
And have enough to mind;  
What is't to you if Snooks or Spooks  
Should wed with Polly Jones?  
What is't to you if Lawyer Grab  
A plump half million owns?  
The money is not yours, my friend,  
Though golden stores he earns;  
So do not strive to count his wealth,  
But mind your own concerns!

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friends,  
It were a better plan  
Than always to be spying out  
The deeds of brother man;  
Remember that all persons have,  
Though hidden from the view,  
Thoughts that to them in right belong,  
And not at all to you;  
And also bear in mind, my friend,  
A generous nature worms  
No secret from a brother's breast,  
So mind your own concerns! W. B.

**NED,** nineteen, medium height, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady who is fond of home and music.

**ELFRAGE,** twenty, light brown hair, wishes to correspond with a young man fond of home.

**MAUD and LILLIAN,** two sisters, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. **Maud** is twenty-four, fair, blue eyes, fond of home and children. **Lillian** is eighteen, dark hair and eyes.

**WILLIAM and RICHARD,** two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **William** is twenty-three, fond of music, medium height, and blue eyes. **Richard** is twenty-six, good-looking, fond of dancing.

**T. A.,** twenty-two, medium height, dark hair, hazel eyes, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-six, good-looking, medium height, fond of home.

**ALFRED,** twenty-four, tall, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty, fond of home.

**L. P. and M. F.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **L. P.** is twenty, medium height, good-looking, dark hair and eyes. **M. F.** is twenty-one, fond of home and music.

**JEMIMA,** eighteen, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-one, medium height.

**H. B., E. W., and A. B.,** three friends, would like to correspond with three young gentlemen. **H. B.** is twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, good-looking. **E. W.** is twenty-one, dark hair, light eyes, tall, fond of home. **A. B.** is seventeen, fond of music and dancing, dark hair and eyes. Respondents must be good-tempered, of loving dispositions.

**D. G.,** twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, fond of home, fair, and blue eyes.

**ST. CLARE LEDGARD,** eighteen, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about the same age.

**NELLIE,** fair, fond of music, tall, would like to correspond with a good-looking young man with a view to matrimony.

**A. T. and F. S.,** two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. **A. T.** is fair. **F. S.** is dark. Respondents must be fond of home and music.

**G. M. K.,** twenty-two, fair, would like to correspond with a good-looking young lady with a view to matrimony.

**C. W. and D. P.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **C. W.** is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. **D. P.** is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, blue eyes, and very fond of music.

**LILY,** nineteen, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home.

**D. M. and M. D.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **D. M.** is twenty-one, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, good-tempered. **M. D.** is seventeen, medium height, dark brown hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

**G. P. H.,** twenty, a seaman in the Royal Navy, light brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, tall, fond of home and children.

**JERRY W. and JACK,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. **Jerry W.** is twenty-five, brown hair, grey eyes, of medium height, fond of home and children. **Jack** is twenty-one, dark, handsome, dark hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of dancing. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-two, thoroughly domesticated, dark, fond of music.

**CLARA L.,** twenty-two, fond of home and children, loving, golden hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-four, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, good-looking, fond of home and children.

**T. E. and K. H.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **T. E.** is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. **K. H.** is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.

**H. C.,** twenty-two, dark blue eyes, tall, fair, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-five, dark hair and eyes.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**MARY** is responded to by—**Thomas,** eighteen, medium height.

**CLARA** by—**Desponding Tom,** twenty-eight, dark brown hair and eyes, fond of home and children, and of medium height.

**GUSTAVE** by—**Milly.**

**NED** by—**A. B.,** twenty, fair, brown hair and eyes, and loving.

**N. C.** by—**Alfred F.,** twenty-three, tall, fond of music, loving.

**WILLIAM** by—**Nellie,** seventeen, dark.

**BOB** by—**H. T.,** twenty, dark brown hair, light brown eyes.

**T. B.** by—**Louie.**

**WILL** by—**Kitty,** twenty-two, dark hair, grey eyes, and good-looking.

**BOB** by—**Janet,** twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, good-tempered.

**NED** by—**Flora,** twenty, dark hair, blue eyes, domesticated.

**LAURA** by—**William,** twenty-three.

**MILLY** by—**Georgius,** twenty-two, good-looking, loving, fond of home.

**DORA** by—**Alfred,** twenty-five, fair, fond of music, and of a loving disposition.

**C. B.** by—**Georgina,** nineteen, light hair, hazel eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

**KITTY** by—**Joshua,** twenty-one.

**LILY** by—**K. L.,** nineteen, auburn hair, grey eyes, and good-looking.

**MAUD** by—**Robert,** twenty-three, medium height.

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